

# The Academy and Literature

No. 1655. Established 1869. London: 23 January 1904.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17/6 a year.]

## Literary Notes

**T**HERE are many of us who have heard the East a-calling but who have not been able to accept the invitation to visit the far-distant lands of China, Korea and Japan. For us unfortunates, therefore, books have to suffice, and by good fortune there are few lands to which so many admirable writers have devoted themselves. Chamberlain, Lafcadio Hearn, Brownell, Mrs. Fraser, Huish, La Farge, Morse, Parsons, Sladen, Mrs. Bishop, Oliphant, Colquhoun, Douglas, Mrs. Little, Mitford, Rein, and a host of other names come gratefully to the memory of those who have read the literature of the Far East.

It may be questioned, however, if anyone, even of those who have dwelt among them, has ever really fathomed the minds of the Oriental races. Eastern people think differently to Westerns upon almost every subject of importance; the standpoint from which they view this life and the next is far other than ours. Many of their customs and habits, which to us seem unreasonable, are to them perfectly logical. The upside-downness of Japanese life is easily understood when we put ourselves in their place, endeavouring to look as far as may be upon affairs with their eyes and to judge them with their understanding. Who shall say whether East or West is right? "Put yourself in his place" is an admirable motto when attempting to see the sweet-reasonableness of the conduct of those of another race and clime. Actual experience is the best teacher, but literature lingers not far behind. A short list of "Far East" books is given on pages 93 and 94 of this issue of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE.

THE writer of fiction is wont to order his weather in accordance with the incidents of his story, which is surely neither true to nature nor artistic. Many a deed of blood has been perpetrated beneath a summer sky and is all the more ghastly by reason of the contrast; many a kindly action done in darkness and bitter cold. Nature has no sympathies. The novelist's thought runs, I imagine, in hereditary tracks, in ways trodden bare by remote ancestors who saw portents in the storms and signs and wonders in the heavens. This is only one of the many things in which we act irrationally despite all the advances achieved by increased knowledge.

THERE are many series dealing with the lives of great writers; but one more might be started with advantage. I have in mind a series of volumes containing no written words save the legends to the pictures, which would consist of reproductions of engravings and photographs of places of interest in the writer's life and of pictures and illustrations depicting events and the places where those events took place in the writer's works. The very excellent Bookman series most nearly approaches this idea, which could surely be carried out with profit to publisher and purchasers alike.

THE Tauchnitz format has often, and rightly, been matter for praise; how is it that no publisher has succeeded in acclimatising it over here? Would it not prove a pleasant change from the usual "manner" of our cheap reprints? There are many biographies, autobiographies,



Mr. ERNEST WILLIAM HORNUNG

[Photo, Frederick Hollyer, Kensington.]

travel books, and so forth which might well be re-issued cheaply in this form. British books are too often clumsy and uncomfortable to the hand as well as unseemly to the eye; America has set us many a good example in this matter.

It was argued recently that in course of time the daily newspaper would for the mass of the people take the place of books, of fiction at any rate. It is impossible to deny that there is some truth in this point of view, if to the daily press we add the numberless weekly papers of a more or less "tit-bitty" character. The present generation

is apparently anxious to have their reading done for them and to depend for their knowledge of at any rate new books upon reviews, "Books of the Week" with copious extracts, and so on. This is the age of "extracts," meat extracts and literary too; good, sound, all-round readers are becoming exceptional, and the spread of education has only increased the thirst for knowledge at second hand.

THE romance by Dr. Max Nordau, "Morganatisch," appearing in the "Kölnische Zeitung," will conclude about the end of March, and will be published in volume form, in the autumn, when also Alfred Schall, of Berlin, will issue a volume by the same writer called "Mahâ Rôg."

PROFESSOR MAHAFFY must surely be one of the hardest workers of the day; his volume on Trinity College has recently been issued, and he is now at work upon "The Ireland of Charles II.," a companion volume. The "Particular Book of Trinity College," containing accounts and entries made by the college officers, 1595-1660, in facsimile, with an introduction, will probably see the light during the summer. Professor Mahaffy has accepted an invitation from the Education Committee of the St. Louis Exhibition to deliver an address on Greek, a similar invitation with regard to English literature having been declined by Professor Dowden, who does not feel strong enough to face the journey; a double compliment to Irish scholarship.

A CORRESPONDENT sends a copy of a sale catalogue, issued in a famous city in Scotland, containing the following quaint entry: "Salmond (Professor S.D.F.), The Christian Doctrine of Immortality." This unique work fetched only two shillings and twopence!

THE catalogue of Messrs. Mudie's Library must now be ranked among our most useful works of literary reference. The general works are carefully classified, but it is the portion of the volume devoted to fiction that is most elaborate; there are lists of novels under titles and under authors, and—a very useful feature—a selection of standard and recent works of fiction classified "historically, topographically, and topically." There are eighteen novels under the heading Japan, Korea is absent, and over seventy under Russia.

BOTH in this country and in America it is now the fashion for illustrated magazines to alter their cover from month to month. Publishers, of course, know all that is to be known about their business, but I feel sure that I am not solitary in being annoyed by the difficulty that now presents itself of picking out one's favourite magazine on the bookstall or the library table. Old acquaintance are apt to be forgot when they are continually changing their appearance.

JUDGING by the first number, Messrs. Newnes' new magazine "Technics" bids fair to become really useful to a large public. Of the contents we may note as particularly interesting the articles on Radium and Present Day Mural Decoration. The illustrations are numerous and practical.

THE "Quarterly Review" steadily pursues its mistaken course, as many think it, of signed articles. Curiously enough, in the article upon the late Lord Salisbury's contributions to the Review, it is pointed out that the

writer's work is all the more interesting in that he was free to express his real and full views, being covered by the shield of anonymity. In reviews such as the "Quarterly" and the "Edinburgh," just as in *The Times*, it is realised by the public that the cover of anonymity will not be abused, while it leaves distinguished public men at liberty to express their views upon current affairs. The present issue of the "Quarterly" is somewhat dull, while, on the other hand, the "Edinburgh" is singularly bright and interesting. In the latter the article upon the "Folklore of Human Life" is suggestive and admirably written. The *Quarterlies* may not be quite wells of English undefiled, but in the present day of rapid and too often slipshod writing they are usefully dignified and, in the good sense of the word, academic. Another most suggestive, and, in passages, illuminating, article is that upon the work of Robert Herrick; altogether the "Edinburgh" may be said to contain much sound meat for the reader hungry for good things.

A QUITE delightful portrait in colour of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, from a drawing by Mr. G. T. Tobin, forms the frontispiece to the January number of "The Lamp" (New York). In fact the whole number is good fare. Professor Brander Matthews discourses "Concerning the Quatrain," quoting among other lines these by Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman:—

Hark at the lips of this pink whorl of shell  
And you shall hear the ocean's surge and roar;  
So in the quatrain's measure, written well,  
A thousand lines shall all be sung in four!

Then Mr. J. M. Bulloch writes suggestively of "Have Free Libraries Killed Literature?" Personally he does not seem inclined to answer his question in a pessimistic tone, thinking that the large number of reprints of English classics absorbed by the public shows that taste in literature is not declining. It is a difficult point to prove one way or the other; our forefathers had no opportunity of showing whether they cared to spend their shillings and sixpences on "good works," nor to-day have we any figures to teach us whether the number of readers of English classics is increasing satisfactorily in proportion to the increase of population and of those who can read.

It is understood that the autobiography which the late Sir Herbert Oakeley left behind him, being unrevised and incomplete, will not be published as it stands, but will be made the basis of a memoir of the composer from the pen of his brother, Mr. Edward Oakeley. This may be looked for shortly.

AT the meeting of the English Goethe Society, at the Medical Hall, Chandos Street, on January 18, Mr. W. Irvine, I.C.S., in the chair, Mr. Iselin read a very interesting paper on two Swiss writers of the latter half of the nineteenth century as yet but little known in England. Conrad Ferdinand Meyer's historical novel, "Der Heilige," represents Thomas à Becket in a new light; whilst Gottfried Keller's "Martin Salander," written after his retirement from the post of Secretary of State, contains profound and good common sense on political subjects, although to thoroughly appreciate it the reader requires much general knowledge of Swiss public life.

MR. AND MRS. EGERTON CASTLE'S "Incomparable Bellairs" will be published on March 7.

BOOKSELLERS' Catalogues Received:—Mr. C. Richardson, Manchester (*Ancient and Modern*); Messrs. Probsthain & Co., Bury Street (*Oriental Catalogue, No. 3; India and Indian Languages*); Mr. Bernard Quaritch, Piccadilly (*General*); Mr. Albert Sutton, Manchester (*Shakespeare and Drama*); Mr. Charles Higham, Farringdon Street (*Theological*); Mr. Charles Goodspeed, Boston, Mass. (*First Editions*); Mr. William Downing, Birmingham (*Chaucer's Head Book Circular*); Messrs. Henry Sotheman & Co., 140, Strand (*Literature, Science and Art*); Messrs. Pickering & Chatto, Haymarket (*First and Early Editions*); Messrs. A. Maurice & Co., Bedford Street (*Biography, Travel, History, &c.*); Messrs. Myers & Co., High Holborn (*Rare Pamphlets, &c., relating to America, and General*).

#### FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

MESSRS. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co. have ready for immediate publication a new volume by Mr. John Garstang, F.S.A., entitled "Some Tombs of the Third Egyptian Dynasty at Raqânah and Bêt Khallâf." The book, which is fully illustrated, contains an account of the archaeology of a very early period, and in particular of the results of the writer's own excavations during 1901-2 in the district north of Abydos.—Dr. M. Aurel Stein has undertaken, with the official sanction of the Secretary of State for India, a complete account of the results of his researches in Chinese Turkestan. The book, which the Oxford University Press will publish probably in the spring of 1905, will be in royal quarto form, of about 500 pages, and will be fully illustrated with upwards of seventy separate colotype plates, and with a very large number of other illustrations, both as separate plates and throughout the text.—Mr. T. Fisher Unwin is including in his "Lives Worth Living" series a re-issue of "Captain John Brown of Harper's Ferry," by Mr. John Newton.—"Kitty Costello," the last novel written by the late Mrs. Alexander, will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin on Monday, January 25. The volume will contain a brief memoir of Mrs. Alexander by her friend Miss Iza Duffus Hardy, and a few verses which were found among Mrs. Alexander's papers, and are an interesting expression of her outlook towards life.—Mr. John Lane announces that he will publish, on January 26, a new novel by Mr. Henry Harland, author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box." The title of the new book is "My Friend Prospero." The scene is laid at an old castle in Italy, and Prospero is an up-to-date young Englishman, of a whimsical nature, who has gone thither in quest of freedom and fresh air.—Mr. E. S. Boulton, of the Merchant Venturers' Technical College, Bristol, has prepared a "Geometry on Modern Lines." It contains many diagrams and will be published by Messrs. Methuen.

The February part of "The Magazine of Art" includes among the principal contents reproductions, in colour, of Turner's "Totnes" and Whistler's wonderful unknown etching of his Mother's Portrait. The latter is from a unique proof in the collection of Mr. Menpes, which has never before been reproduced. This was sold for £250 recently. There are articles on "Town Houses," by Raffles Davison; "Good Furnishing and Decoration of the House: the Bedroom," by Aymer Vallance; "The Picture Sales of 1893," by W. Roberts; "A Chapter from an Artist's Reminiscences: The Oxford Circle," by Val C. Prinsep, R.A.; and "Art Forgeries and Counterfeits," by M. H. Spielmann, F.S.A. All these papers are profusely illustrated.

Continued from page 87.

## The Far East— Books to Read Now.

### KOREA.

By ANGUS HAMILTON.

Profusely illustrated from Photographs by the Author. 1 Vol. 15s. net.

\* Mr. Hamilton, who was the special correspondent of the *Pail Mall Gazette* in the Far East, examines in this important and timely work the political and economic conditions of the kingdom. There are chapters on the possibilities of the commercial development of the country, on the manners and customs and laws of the people, and, as a whole, the book may be considered to contain the latest and most authentic information upon the Russo-Japanese dispute.

RUSSIA,  
JAPAN,  
AND  
KOREA.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

ENGLAND  
AND  
TIBET.

### IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND.

By A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR.

With a Map and 250 Illustrations. Cheaper Edition, 7s. 6d. net.

"A valuable storehouse of information on Southern Tibet and its people."—*Daily Chronicle*.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

THE  
PAUPER  
INVASION.

### THE ALIEN IMMIGRANT.

By Major W. EVANS-GORDON, M.P.

With illustrations from the Author's Photographs. 6s. net.

"Those who want a clear statement of the problem of the alien immigrant cannot do better than turn to this book."—*Daily Telegraph*.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

### Nearly Ready.

A NEW AND COMPLETELY REVISED EDITION OF

## The Imperial Russian Navy: ITS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

By FRED. T. JANE,

Author of "All the World's Fighting Ships" (*Naval Annual*).

With over 160 Illustrations from Sketches and Drawings by the Author and from Photographs. Royal 8vo, cloth extra, 25s. net.

W. THACKER & Co., 2, Creed Lane, E.C.

### THE BOOK OF THE MOMENT.

## JAPANESE PHYSICAL TRAINING.

The System of Exercise, Diet, and General Mode of Living that has made the Mikado's People the Healthiest, Strongest, and Happiest Men and Women in the World.

By H. IRVING HANCOCK.

Fully illustrated, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s. net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,

24, Bedford Street, Strand, London; and New York.



## Bibliographical

**"W**HILE there is little if anything we would wish away, there are some we would desire to have had included." Thus wrote THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE last week concerning "Songs of the Vine," and I should like to associate myself with that expression of opinion. I am grateful for what Mr. Hutchison has brought together in his volume, but I miss in it some favourites of my own. I think, for instance, that he might well have reprinted the drinking song in Sara Coleridge's "Phantasmion," beginning—

Never ask where knaves are mining  
While the nectar plants are twining;  
To pull up the vine  
They never incline,  
With all their deep designing.

I note that Mr. Hutchison reproduces Thackeray's "The Pope he is a Happy Man," but there is much more of the convivial spirit in Charles Lever's version of the same original (which may be found in chapter 43 of "Harry Lorrequer"). Again, I do not see how Mr. Hutchison is to be forgiven for omitting from his collection the "Word for Champagne" which figures in Whyte Melville's "Tilbury Nogo" (chapter 13). This, surely, is a classic in its way:—

Then give me champagne! and contentment be mine!  
Women, wealth, and ambition—I cast them away;  
My garlanded forehead let vine-leaves entwine,  
And life shall to me be one long summer's day,  
With the tears of the clustering grape for its rain,  
And its sunshine—the bright golden floods of champagne!

Another omission for which Mr. Hutchison must be solemnly censured is that of "My Old Complaint: its Cause and Cure," a song in Harrison Ainsworth's "Fletcher of Bacon":—

I never indulge in fanciful stuff,  
Or idly prate, if my flagon be full:  
Give me good Claret, and give me enough,  
And then my spirits are never dull.  
Give me good Claret and no restraint,  
And I soon get rid of my Old Complaint!

Talking of champagne, I think Mr. Hutchison might have found room for Edmund Yates' celebration of a famous brand:—

Blest of drinks,  
Welcome, Pommery Gréno!

And is there not a genuine enthusiasm for beer in the "Fons Burtonensis" of H. Savile Clarke?

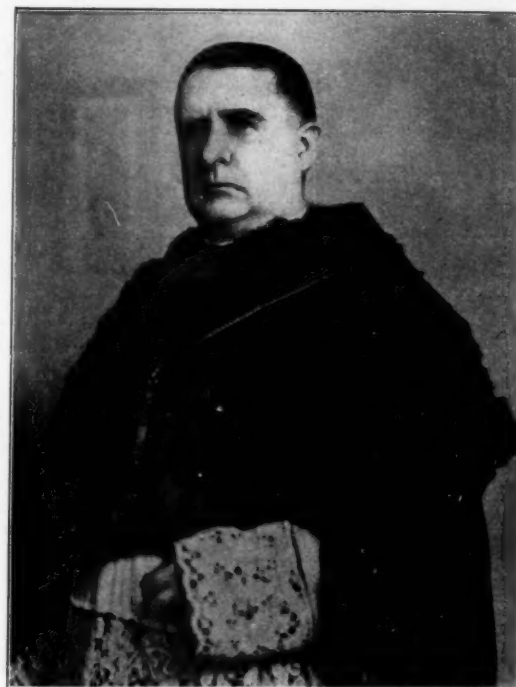
The yellow hand that Allsopp rears,  
His cognizance on wood or glass,  
I honour; but more fair appears  
The scarlet pyramid of Bass.

Finally—lest the discourse grow more bibulous than bibliographical—let me express surprise that Mr. Hutchison has ignored Professor Blackie's "metaphysical song," "Concerning I and Non-I," in which the singer shows how, when he drinks,

—the object  
Is lost in the subject,  
Making one entity  
In the identity  
Of me, and the wine in my veins!

The fact that Dr. Robertson Nicoll has thought it worth while to issue a "Charles Kingsley" number of "The Bookman" would seem to suggest that, in his opinion, Kingsley's name is still one to conjure with. Only the publishers of Kingsley's works, and the custodians of free libraries, could give us a really trustworthy idea of the extent to which those works are nowadays read. That some of them sell well may be gathered from the number

of new editions (apart from Messrs. Macmillan's authorised ones) issued during the last few years. I find that in the case of "Westward Ho," there were three in 1898, six in 1899, four in 1900, one in 1901, and four in 1902. That is a remarkably good record. Then, in the case of "The Heroes," there were new editions in 1899, 1901, 1902, and



THE RIGHT REV. ABBOT GASQUET

[Photo. The Studio, Newgate Street.]

1903; of "Alton Locke" in 1899 and 1902; and of "Hypatia" in 1900. Of "Two Years Ago" there were no fewer than four new editions in 1899. Of course, the expiration of copyright often leads to numerous reprints of popular fictions.

The late Miss Hannah Lynch touched literature most closely, of course, in her "George Meredith: A Study" (1891). She was also responsible for a couple of solid little books called "Toledo: The Story of an Old Spanish Capital" (1899) and "French Life in Town and Country" (1901). What appears to have been her first work of fiction—"Through Troubled Waters"—dates from 1885. After that came "Prince of the Glades" (1891, in 2 vols.), "Rosni Harvey" (1892, in 3 vols.), "Daughters of Men" (1892, reprinted in 1899), "Denys D'Auvrillac: A Story of French Life" (1896), "Dr. Vermont's Fantasy" (1896), "An Odd Experiment" (1897), "Jimmy Blake" (1897), "The Autobiography of a Child" (1899), and "Clare Munro: The Story of a Mother and Daughter" (1900).

Messrs. Pickering and Chatto have just issued "English Literature, noted Bibliographically and Biographically: a Catalogue, with Prices Affixed, of a very extensive Collection of the First and Early Editions of Ancient and Modern English Literature." This is very much more than a bookseller's catalogue of the ordinary sort. It runs to 504 large well-printed pages, and, apart altogether from the biographical and bibliographical particulars, is calculated to be of very much service to bookmen. The only drawback to it lies in the fact that there are 112 pages of "Addenda" (also arranged alphabetically); so that the book really contains two catalogues, both of which invite consultation.

THE BOOKWORM,



## The Far East

## Books about China, Japan, Russia and Korea

It is only natural that there should be at the present moment a large demand for books about the Far East—books new and old, books dealing with politics, race questions, national resources, manners, religions, and topography. There is perhaps too great a tendency to study politics in preference to topography, manners and customs rather than the inner life of the people. But in order to understand the aims, ideals and hopes of statesmen it is necessary to understand also the people whom they

represent. Japanese, indeed all Oriental, are far different from Western ideals, and this must be borne in mind by all those who would grasp the meaning and the probable future of the history that is now being made in the Far East.

The following list of books, with occasional comments, does not pretend to approach completeness, but it is given in the hope that it may prove useful to those of our readers who desire to increase their knowledge of the Far East.

## JAPAN.

## HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT:—

- "Japan in Transition," by S. Ransome. (1899. Harper.) A comparative study of its progress since the war with China; a sound, useful work.
- "Advance, Japan," by J. Morris. (1895. Allen.) General history and present condition, social and military.
- "The New Far East," by Arthur Diósy. (1900. Cassell.) Useful for the understanding of political conditions.
- "A History of Japan," by Sir F. O. Adams. (1874. King. 2 vols.)
- "The Real Japan," by Henry Norman. (1893. Fisher Unwin.)
- "The Story of Japan," by David Murray. (Fisher Unwin.)
- "Japan," by Dr. David Murray. (1894. Story of Nations Series. Fisher Unwin.) Only the later chapters are "topical."
- "Japan, our New Ally," by A. Stead. (1902. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Japan and China: Their History, Arts, Science, Manners, Customs, Laws, Religions, and Literature," by Captain F. Brinkley. (1903-4. To be completed in 12 volumes. T. C. & E. C. Jack.)
- "Feudal and Modern Japan," by Arthur May Knapp. (1898. 2 vols. Duckworth.)
- "A Maker of the New Japan: The Life of Joseph Hardy Neesima, Founder of Doshisha University, Japan," by Rev. J. D. Davis, D.D. Professor in Doshisha. (Revell.)
- "A Maker of the New Orient—Samuel Rollins Brown," by W. E. Griffis. (Revell.)
- "What will Japan Do?" by J. Morris. (1898. Lawrence and Bullen.)

## THE JAPANESE POINT OF VIEW:—

- "Japan and the Pacific," by M. Inagaki. (1890. Fisher Unwin.)

## JAPANESE SOCIAL LIFE:—

- "Things Japanese," by Basil Hall Chamberlain. (1902. Murray.) May be counted as an "essential" book.
- "Japanese Homes and their Surroundings," by E. S. Morse. (1888. Sampson Low.) A fascinating book.
- "Japanese Girls and Women," by Alice Mabel Bacon. (Gay and Bird.)
- "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," by Lafcadio Hearn. (1902. Kegan Paul. 2 vols.)
- "Kokoro: Japanese Inner Life," by Lafcadio Hearn. (1902. Gay and Bird.)
- "Out of the East: Studies in New Japan," by Lafcadio Hearn. (1902. Kegan Paul.)
- "Kotto: being Japanese Curios," by Lafcadio Hearn. (1902. Macmillan.)
- No one can understand Japan and the Japanese who has not read Lafcadio Hearn.
- "Queer Things About Japan," by Douglas Sladen. (Second edition, 1904. Treherne.) A picturesque account of Japanese life and manners.
- "The Soul of the Far East," by Percival Lowell. (Houghton Mifflin, and Gay and Bird.)
- "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," by Mrs. Bishop. (1900. Newnes. 2 vols.) A brilliant book; a peep into the "interior."
- "The Heart of Japan," by C. L. Brownell. (1902. Methuen.) A clever view of Japanese daily life.
- "The Evolution of the Japanese, Social and Psychic," by Sidney L. Gulick, M.A. (Revell.)
- "Japanese Physical Training," by H. Irving Hancock. (1904. Putnam.) Shows how the system of exercise, diet, and general mode of living has made the Japanese one of the healthiest, strongest and happiest races.

## THE ART OF JAPAN:—

- "The Ideals of the East," by Okakura. (1903. Murray.)
- "An Artist's Letters from Japan," by J. La Farge. (1897. Fisher Unwin.) Admirably written; pictures seen with the eye of an artist.
- "Japan and its Art," by M. B. Huish. (1888. Fine Art Society.) An excellent book in every way.

## GENERAL BOOKS OF TRAVEL:—

- "From Far Formosa: The Island, its People and Missions," by George Leslie Mackay, D.D. (New and cheaper edition. Oliphant, Anderson.)
- "The Gist of Japan: The Islands and their People," by the Rev. R. B. Peery. (Revell.)
- "Japonica," by Sir Edwin Arnold. (1891. Osgood.)
- "Seas and Lands," by Sir Edwin Arnold. (1894. Longmans.)
- "Japan As We Saw It," by M. Bickersteth. (1893. Sampson Low.)
- "Around the World through Japan," by Walter Del Mar. (1903. Black.)
- "Gleanings from Japan," by W. G. Dickson. (1889. Blackwood.)
- "On the Coasts of Cathay and Cipango, Forty Years Ago," by William Blakeney, R.N. (1902. Elliot Stock.) A record of surveying service; most useful for the understanding of the naval situation. Good charts and maps.
- "Lotus Time in Japan," by H. Finck. (1895. Lawrence and Bullen.)
- "A Handbook of Modern Japan," by Ernest W. Clement. (1903. McClurg.)
- "Handbook for Travellers in Japan," by Basil H. Chamberlain and W. Mason. (1903. Murray.)

## ANGLO-JAPANESE LIFE:—

- "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan," by Mrs. Fraser. (1900. Hutchinson. 2 vols.) Very good and informative.
- "First American Envoy in Japan," by T. Harris. (1895.) The beginning of the New Japan.
- "Eight Years' Work and Travel in Japan," by E. G. Holtham. (1883. Kegan Paul.)
- "Half-Hours in Japan," by Rev. H. Moore. (1900. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Rambles through Japan," by A. Tracy. (1892. Sampson Low.)
- "Rambles in Japan," by Canon Tristram. (1895. Religious Tract Society.)
- "On Short Leave to Japan," by F. E. Younghusband. (1894. Sampson Low.)
- "Three Rolling Stones in Japan," by G. Watson. (1903. Arnold.)
- "Japan and Her People," by Anna Hartshorne. (1904. Kegan Paul.)
- "Among the Gentle Japs," by Rev. J. L. Thomas. (1892. Sampson Low.)
- "Verbeck of Japan," by W. E. Griffis. (1900. Revell.)

## Fiction

- "The Stolen Emperor," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (1903. Long.)
- "A Japanese Marriage," by Douglas Sladen. (1902. Black.)
- "Kakemonos," by W. C. Dawe. (1897. Lane.)
- "A Sugar Princess," by A. Ross. (1900. Chatto.)
- "Kotaka," by J. Morris. (1885. Wyman.)
- "My Japanese Wife," by C. Holland. (1895. Constable.)
- "Mousmé" (*sequel*), by C. Holland. (1896. Constable.)
- "Wooing of Wistaria," by O. Watanna. (1903. Harper.)
- "Out in China," by Mrs. Archibald Little. (1903. Treherne.)
- Mrs. Archibald Little tells one of those minor tragic tales which happily are not all tragedy. It begins with a misunderstanding—a case of mistaken identity—which time in conjunction with an Eastern setting nearly succeeds in developing into an unpleasantly familiar type of story of domestic infelicity. We need hardly add that the "local colour" is true to fact.
- "Fairy Tales from far Japan," by Miss Ballard, with Notes by Mrs. Bishop. (Religious Tract Society.)

## KOREA.

- "Corea," by Dr. W. E. Griffis. (Allen.) New and revised edition, bringing history up to 1897. A standard chronicle of Korean development. Ancient and mediæval history; political and social life; modern and recent history.
- "Korea and Her Neighbours," by Isabella L. Bird (Mrs. Bishop). (1898. Murray. 2 vols.) A narrative of travel, with an account of the recent vicissitudes and present position of the country. Needs no commendation.
- "Korea and the Sacred White Mountain," by Captain A. E. J. Cavendish. (1894. Philip.) An account of a journey in 1891.
- "Life in Corea," by W. R. Carles. (1888. Macmillan.)
- "Korean Sketches," by the Rev. J. S. Gale. (1898. Oliphant, Anderson.)
- "Corea, or Cho-Sen, the Land of the Morning Calm," by A. H. S. Landor. (1895. Heinemann.)
- "Quaint Korea," by L. J. Miln. (1895. Osgood.)
- "A Forbidden Land," by Ernest Oppert. (1880. Sampson Low.) Corea, with an account of the geography, history, and commercial capabilities of the country.
- "Korea," by Angus Hamilton. (1904. Heinemann.)
- "Every-Day Life in Korea," by the Rev. Daniel L. Gifford. (Revell.)
- "Chosön: The Land of the Morning Calm" (Korea), by Percival Lowell. (Houghton Mifflin, and Gay and Bird.)

## BOOKS ON THE FAR EAST (giving valuable statistics and information relative to Korea, Japan, &amp;c.):—

- "The Awakening of the East," by P. L. Beaulieu. (1900. Heinemann.) Siberia (Railway, &c.), Japan, China, &c.
- "The Far Eastern Question," by Valentine Chirol. (1896. Macmillan.)
- "Problems of the Far East," by Lord Curzon. (1896. Constable.) Japan, Corea, and China. Most useful.
- "A Brief History of Eastern Asia," by J. C. Hannah. (1900. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Peoples and Politics of the Far East," by Henry Norman. (1895. Fisher Unwin.) England, France, and Russia in the Far East, with chapters on Corea and Japan. Full of information.
- "The Progress of India, Japan, and China in the 19th Century," by Sir Richard Temple. (1902. Chambers.)
- "From Sea to Sea," by Rudyard Kipling. (1900. Macmillan & Co. 2 vols.)
- "The Path of Empire," by George Lynch. (1903. Duckworth.) The author was present at Japan's last naval review, crossed over to Korea, to which he devotes several chapters. His books deals mainly with the Siberian Railway.
- "The Story of Russia," by W. R. Morfill. (Fisher Unwin.)
- "The Russian Advance," by the Hon. Albert J. Beveridge. (Harper.)

A work on the conflict of the various national interests in the Far East. Senator Beveridge has made an extended tour through China, Japan, Siberia, and European Russia, studying people and methods. His observations on the development of Russian and German influence have a significance for traders, and he is unsparing in his criticism of the apparent apathy of both the Anglo-Saxon Powers in relation to the vast political and commercial problems of Asia.

- "In the Uttermost East," by Charles H. Hawes. (Harper.) An account of investigations among the natives and Russian convicts of the Island of Sakhalin, with notes of travel in Korea, Siberia, and Manchuria. The author is the first English traveller to explore the northern interior.
- "Asia and Europe," by Meredith Townsend. (New Edition, with an additional chapter. Constable.) Studies presenting the conclusions formed by the author in a long life devoted to the subject of the relations between Asia and Europe.
- "Things Chinese: or, Notes connected with China," by J. Dyer Ball. (1904. Fourth Edition, revised and enlarged. Murray.)
- "The Expansion of Russia, 1815-1900," by F. H. Skrine. (C. J. Clay and Sons, Cambridge University Press.)
- "The Imperial Russian Navy: Its Past, Present, and Future," by Fred. T. Jane. (A new and completely revised edition, 1904. Thacker.)

- "The Break-Up of China," by Admiral Lord Charles Beresford. (Harper.) An account of its commerce, currency, waterways, armies, railways, politics, and future prospects.
- "China in Transformation," by Archibald Ross Colquhoun. (Harper.)
- "The 'Overland' to China," by Archibald Ross Colquhoun. (Harper.)
- "China's Only Hope." An appeal by Chang Chih Tung, Viceroy of Liang Hu, with indorsement by the present Emperor. Translated by the Rev. S. I. Woodbridge. Introduction by the Rev. Griffith John, D.D. (Revell.)
- "China in Convulsion: The Origin; The Outbreak; The Climax; The Aftermath." A survey of the cause and events of the recent uprising, by Arthur H. Smith. (Revell. 2 vols.)
- "Korean Sketches." By the Rev. James S. Gale. (Revell.) A Missionary's observations in the Hermit Nation.
- "East of the Barrier, or Sidelights on the Manchuria Mission," by J. Miller Graham. (Oliphant Anderson.) Social habits and national characteristics.

- "Stanford's New Map of the Siberian Railway." Scale, 110 miles to an inch. (1904. Stanford.)
- "Stanford's Map of Eastern China, Japan, and Korea." Scale, 110 miles to an inch. (1904. Stanford.)

## KOREA. By Angus Hamilton. (Heinemann. 15s. net.)

A TIMELY book, a well-considered, matured, and informing work by a man who knows the country from end to end and can put pictures on paper with consummate ease. Under his guidance Korea opens before us as a land of mystery and marvel—the "Hermit Kingdom" in very sooth. The Court, the country, the people, the princes, the trade, and the native temperament are so simply and straightforwardly described that henceforward Korea would seem to be almost as familiar—outwardly—as St. James's Street. No small credit is due to Mr. Hamilton in this matter—a more elaborate and erudite work would probably have failed in its object—but by its very frankness and directness the book is convincing and obviously right. Korea naturally has become a centre-point of interest, and the enquirer who has read the literature of the land turns up the index and almost involuntarily asks himself, "What has this man to say about McLeary Brown?"—that "amiable and uncouth Sphinx" as a former Korean writer has described him. Mr. Hamilton is quite sound on Mr. Brown. He takes it to be understood that Brown's dictatorship is a matter of course, and that Korea without Brown would be Hamlet without the moody Dane. But this sketch of the man is illuminating, happy and quite polite. Mr. Brown could surely wish for no better eulogist. "A number of Englishmen are employed in the Korean Customs, their services contributing so much to the splendid institution which Mr. McLeary Brown has created that one and all are above criticism. Mr. McLeary Brown would be the first to acknowledge how much the willing assistance of his staff has contributed to his success." No one who has studied Korean matters can be blind to this truism. Seoul boasts an Electric Car Company, an Electric Light Company, and a Fresh Spring Water Company; all these are due to American enterprise, and Mr. Hamilton, quite fairly, attributes more success to American mercantile than to American missionary enterprise, although the two are occasionally curiously combined. The opening chapter of the book is by way of introduction to a bird's-eye view of the present state of affairs as between Japan and Russia. There are some excellent statistical tables, which have been compiled nearly up to the latest moment, and an entirely new map which is invaluable to all students of the present position. The illustrations are throughout good; the book cover, a portion of the ceiling of the Imperial Palace at Seoul, being quite beautiful in design. Altogether a thoroughly good book, full of information, well-written, and practically indispensable to those who are following affairs in that part of the world.



## Reviews

## A Vast Venture

THE DYNASTS: A DRAMA OF THE NAPOLEONIC WARS. In Three Parts, Nineteen Acts, and One Hundred and Thirty Scenes. By Thomas Hardy. Part First. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

THE astonishing title which we reproduce sufficiently indicates the ambitious and vast (there is no other word but "vast") scope of Mr. Hardy's latest venture in the regions of poetry. It is a great canvas upon which he seeks to unroll, after the fashion of a panorama, the whole drama of the Napoleonic wars. And this volume, reaching from the attempted invasion of England which ended in Trafalgar to the close of Napoleon's supreme battle—Austerlitz—is but the first instalment of it. With a project thus immense before him, we can well understand why Mr. Hardy has so long neglected novel-writing. The two were incompatible. A Shakespeare, a Dante, would have his entire powers engrossed by a scheme of such spaciousness. We understand, and regret it. Mr. Hardy's chief contentions we more or less admit. We believe that the time is come when the poetic drama should develop into a distinct species from the stage-drama, should frankly appeal to the reader rather than the spectator, the closet rather than the boards; we believe that in this way it could put forth potentialities scarce recognised as a purely literary form. We believe also that such a theme as the Napoleonic wars might furnish a grandiosely dramatic subject for such a work; a theme which should unite dramatic situation with no less than epical spaciousness. But—there is a but.

It would demand a poet of the largest power, the most uncompromising individuality, with the most practised and triumphant executive gift. Here it is Mr. Hardy fails. We can discern in him a great conception, an epical idea, which commands our respect. If it were worked out in that medium of the novel wherein he is master, we might have an imposing and enthralling trilogy of novels. Assuredly he has shown himself, by his previous verse, not without innate and authentic poetic gift. But he has not had the lifelong intimacy with the poet's craft which alone could confer on him the flexibility and dexterity, the range and ease of executive accomplishment demanded by so colossal an achievement as that on which he has adventured. In plan he has essayed originality most daringly. To extreme dramatic realism he has added abstract personifications which recall the most sculptural Greek tragedy, and are in fact (it should seem) designed to fulfil the functions of the Greek chorus. But the two elements do not blend. These personifications are sometimes incongruously aloof, in their dignity, from the every-dayness of the dialogue which surrounds them; sometimes, in the realism of their speech, equally incongruous with the dignity of their own elemental abstraction. And again, while the whole poetic majesty of the drama resides in the historic issues, the instinct of the novelist has been unable to resist the temptation of a domestic sub-plot, which complicates and intensifies the *bizarre* effect of the whole. Lastly, the execution falls fatally short of inspiration. While there are numerous passages which rise to the level of a poetised rhetoric, not unworthy of the subject-matter, and occasional passages which exhibit Mr. Hardy's gift of romantic description, as a whole the dialogue is the prose of the novelist cut into lengths. Nay, it is a fact that Mr. Hardy is vastly more poetic as a novelist using his accustomed vehicle of prose. We can only say, with a sigh, that we would give many such dramas for one "Return of the Native."

## A Forgotten Romance

VIEUX ÉCHOS D'UNE ÉTERNELLE CHANSON (L'ASTRÉE). Par Quill. (Paris: Clot.)

No one nowadays, except perhaps the student of literature, reads the lengthy romances in six, eight, or ten folio volumes that delighted Mme. de Sévigné, Dorothy Osborne, and Mrs. Pepys. And yet, if we had but the leisure, they would not be altogether unprofitable reading. The original edition of "Astrée," published in five volumes between 1609 and 1617, consists of about 5,800 pages. It had an immediate and enormous success and passed through innumerable editions. We are told that Richelieu said, "He was not to be admitted in the academy of wit who had not been before well read in 'Astrée.'" Huet, Bishop of Avranches, did not dare to open "Astrée," because he knew if he did he would be compelled to read it through again from beginning to end, and La Fontaine pronounced it an exquisite work.

Let us, then, state briefly some of the reasons for the great popularity of "L'Astrée de Messire Honoré d'Urfé où par plusieurs histoires et sous formes de bergers et d'autres sont déduits les divers effets de l'honneste amitié." In the first place it was a love story in which, for the first time in French literature, sincere love was regarded less as a weakness than as a virtue, and the most difficult of all the virtues to practice. For has not a great romantic poet well said, "Ce qu'il y a de plus difficile au monde, c'est se marier d'amour." Celadon was a more perfect specimen of the lover and hero than had as yet been portrayed; indeed, he incarnated the immortal type of lover who was a slave of love and faithful till death, and he thus became an ancestor of Werther and René and Saint-Preux and Des Grieux. Then it is an idealistic romance: it aspires to a world where society is purer, a world in which affairs of the mind and of the heart hold a larger place. The contemplative and sentimental life was a new thing in French literature, and was destined to prove attractive. A very real appreciation of external nature is manifested, again a new thing in French letters: the scenes constantly change; the love adventures have as background, now the grassy banks of a stream, now a rocky cave or druidical forest, a fantastic palace, or a battle-field. The romance does not lack variety; for besides the main theme of the loves of Celadon and Astrée, there are five or six other "intrigues galantes" after the manner of Sidney's "Arcadia," perhaps the only English work with which "Astrée" can be compared. The style, too, is charming; there is an harmonious rhythm about the prose that delights the ear. These, then, are some of the qualities that made "Astrée" the fruitful source of nearly all the French seventeenth century romances, that caused authors for thirty years or more to delve into it for subjects and that rendered it one of the books most loved and most read in France.

Therefore we owe much gratitude to the accomplished lady who, under the pseudonym of "Quill," has extracted from "Astrée" the story of Astrée and Celadon, and enshrined it, freed from all objectionable matter, so that it may be put into the hands of young people, in a beautiful quarto volume, decorated with black and white drawings of her own design. We heartily recommend the book to all who care to lose themselves for awhile in the joys and sorrows of old-world romantic adventures of love.



## The Saints in Art

LIVES AND LEGENDS OF THE ENGLISH BISHOPS AND KINGS, MEDIEVAL MONKS, AND OTHER LATER SAINTS. By Mrs. Arthur Bell. (George Bell. 14s. net.)

THIS beautiful volume is the third and last of "The Saints in Christian Art," and Mrs. Bell has merited well of all lovers of a bygone age by the labour which, out of a full heart, she has bestowed upon it. For that she has a real feeling for her subject is evident. She writes, indeed, with a certain detachment, drawing a clear line of demarcation between what may fairly be deemed historical and what, to a mind shaped like hers upon later scientific principles, is incredible; yet always with a lingering fondness for an aspect of the world that has been folded away like a beautiful vesture that the change of fashion has left obsolete. Our world of immutable law and established order is dull by comparison with this, in which heaven was only just out of sight; in which neighbourly courtesy between celestials and the sons of earth were almost of daily occurrence. Here you have the Blessed Virgin presenting St. Ildefonsus with a beautiful new chasuble. "What, for me?" the saint, in Murillo's picture, seems to ask; and a kindly angel standing by explains on behalf of Our Lady that his treatise on her prerogatives had won quite a vogue. St. Isidore of Madrid was a poor ploughman. His master grudged the moments he spent in devout contemplation beneath the sky. He was astonished rather at his own lack of foresight than at any inherent improbability, when with his own eyes, he saw going lightly down the furrow behind his oxen, a gay and buoyant angel. The hind in the foreground gazes upwards; a lowly angel does not particularly interest him. The angel as naturally serves the servant of the Lord as the storks serve St. Agricola, or the eagle St. Bertulphus; as the waves and the winds obey the word of the righteous.

In the first part of this book considerable space is assigned to St. Dunstan, St. Alphege, Lanfranc and St. Anselm. Paulinus and Aidan, Wilfrid, Chad and Cuthbert are treated at large, though with regard to the last Mrs. Bell does not seem to be aware of the remarkable results of the latest inquiries into the history of his body. Similarly she reaches only the penultimate stage of the history of the relics of St. Edmund the King, when she records their late translation to this country with a view to their enshrinement in Westminster Cathedral. In the second part the great reformers of the eleventh and twelfth centuries are treated—the Italian contemporaries of Giotto, Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolommeo; and so forward to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and to SS. Ignatius of Loyola, Charles Borromeo, Francis Borgia, Philip Neri and John of God. The fifty-three illustrations are for the most part admirably chosen, but the modern specimens are rather out of place. We particularly dislike Ford Madox Brown's picture of the Baptism of St. Edwin; in which St. Paulinus seems to be trying to confirm, to absolve, to say Mass, to bestow a papal blessing and to preach a sermon to the world at large, all in one supreme gesture, but to have quite forgotten the hypertrophied barbarian waiting patiently in the bath.

## Burns

BURNS' PASSIONATE PILGRIMAGE; OR, TAIT'S INDICTMENT OF THE POET, WITH OTHER RARE RECORDS. By David Lowe. (Glasgow: Frederick W. Wilson & Co. 5s. net.)

ROBERT BURNS. By T. F. Henderson. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

MONDAY next will be the anniversary of that day when "a blast o' Janwar win' blew hansel in on Robin," and thousands of Scottish throats, fortified for the occasion by haggis and whisky, will strain themselves in proclaiming that "We'll a' be proud o' Robin." And here, just on

the eve of the annual Saturnalia, comes Mr. Lowe, who professes himself an ardent admirer of the Scottish poet, with a volume which shows, if it shows anything, that Burns' lapse from sexual morality took place, a theory rejected by Mr. Henley, earlier than his other biographers have believed. As Mr. Lowe's compatriots would say, it's ill done of him. Does he not think that proposers of "The Immortal Memory" have a task already difficult enough on its apologetic side without the introduction of new charges calling for defence? Who is the accuser? One Saunders Tait, a tailor with a rough tongue and a faculty for versification, a man filled with inexplicable but bitter rancour against the poet's father (of whom everybody else spoke in terms of highest praise) and of quite explicable spite against the poet, his rival for local popularity. In revenge for a slighting remark of David Sillar, Burns' "brither poet," Saunders wrote some ribald verses in which he described his two juniors as the most incontinent youngsters in the parish; and it is these verses that Mr. Lowe has exhumed and has put in a suitable historic setting. We do not find them quite convincing, and even if they were, what does it matter? The greatly sinning, greatly repenting, and greatly aspiring poet must be taken as a whole, and a sin more or less need not affect the estimate that erring fellow-mortals have any call to make. The real student, the judicious admirer, of Burns, will feel gratitude to Mr. Lowe for the volume, and not least for the careful demonstration of the untenability of Mr. Henley's very characteristic allegation that Highland Mary was a mere "light-skirts." He will, indeed, be hard of conviction who, after reading the closing chapters, does not share the author's belief that "the relationship between Burns and Mary extended over a period of several years, and that it was neither a squalid nor an ignoble relationship, but one on which the muse of Burns could dwell in after years with the fondest reverence."

The collaborator of Henley in the preparation of the Centenary Edition of Burns' works, the man to whom "in memory of much difficult yet satisfying work, his fellow in Burns" is dedicated the much discussed essay, is in danger of being suspect by the "common Burnite." Let us say at once that this rather touchy individual will find nothing to offend him in the latest addition to the Methuen series of Little Biographies, which is, indeed, a model of its kind. To a plain unvarnished narrative, informed with sympathy for the man in the hard fortune that pursued him from the cradle to the grave, and with just admiration of his work, is added a discriminate and sane treatment of the controverted episodes of the poet's career. Mr. Henderson will not recognise "Highland Mary" as a "very paragon of womankind"; but he does not suggest that she was a "light-skirts"; nor does his collaborator's alternative theory that she was a Scottish Mrs. Harris appear to find favour; for he says that Burns' silence as to the earlier portion of his route to Inverary "suggests that one reason for his tour was a desire to visit the relatives of Mary Campbell." He defends Jean against the detractions of Chambers and Stevenson; and asserts that "there is no sufficient ground for supposing" that Burns' "constitution had been quite undermined by his excesses"—a condition more likely due to early hardships. A brief bibliography affords sufficient direction for the would-be student of Burns' works, and a dozen illustrations increase the value of the book.

MEDIEVAL ENGLAND: 1066-1350. By Mary Bateson. ("Story of the Nations." Unwin. 5s.)

MISS BATESON in this book avowedly takes different ground from that adopted in the other volumes of the "Story of the Nations" series, to which it is the latest addition. To put it briefly, she substitutes social for political history. It is a frequent modern attitude towards history; and is an attitude which naturally commends itself with peculiar favour to the woman's mind, who cares much for men and

their intimacies, little for politics and policy and the large burly-burly of history. But though it be an important historical aspect, with much to be said for its adoption, we may be permitted to think it a misfortune that in a series seemingly planned—and at any rate executed—on the lines of political history, one volume alone should break the unity of purpose and be written with an entirely different aim. A series of social histories would be valuable: one social history in midst of a political series seems merely a solution of continuity. The feminine standpoint would appear again apparent when the writer says (with regard to the Middle Ages) that "we are apt to view with a half-pitying contempt the great folios of their theologians, philosophers, and legists, because for very weariness of the flesh we cannot read them." We doubt whether most serious students of the present day would share that contemptuous pity, however slight their natural sympathy.

But let us not be supposed to share the view (once held) that women are sexually incapacitated for the serious writing of history, much less to allege any such incapacity against Miss Bateson. The opinion just cited is a casual detail; her choice of historical aim at most a flaw in judgment. She has given to the series a careful and sedulous volume, which more or less attempts to be like the famous chapter in Macaulay's history, a cross-section through historical England. We wish we could attribute to it any measure of Macaulay's brilliancy. Unfortunately it is in the style of a plodding antiquarian compilation. The chapter on "Dress," for example, one feels to be elaborate gossip about the costume of our mediæval ancestors; and withal dry gossip. The detail is interesting enough; but the author has not the art of arranging and putting it interestingly. We have everything searched out for us: we are even told that a bishop ascribed the beard of Rufus' time to osculatory convenience—lest the stubbly chin should prick the lips of kissing damsels. There were fine free-spoken ecclesiastics in those days—though they considered somewhat too curiously. But it does not tempt us: we have a sense of the disturbing of dead bones, and they are not clothed with flesh. One would as soon read six hundred years hence the fashion-article in a ladies' paper of to-day—and sooner, for it would have touches of contemporary character and actuality. So is it throughout; a useful, a very commendable compilation and *résumé*, to which much knowledge and labour has gone, but scarce to be read for pleasure. Therein it differs from many previous volumes, which have united historical care with artistic handling. Largely, no doubt, this arises from the disadvantage of the subject-matter; and it is the only reproach we have to bring against the volume.

L'ÉMIGRÉ PAR SÉNAC DE MEILHAN, PUBLIÉ par MM. Casimir Stryenski et Franz Funck Brentano. (Fontemoing. 7fr. 50c.)

WHEN Sainte-Beuve in 1854 made Sénac de Meilhan, as the author of certain quasi-philosophical works like "Considérations sur l'esprit et les mœurs" (1787) and "Portraits et Caractères du XVIII<sup>e</sup> Siècle" (1795), the subject of one of his "Causeries du Lundi," he mentioned that M. de Meilhan had also composed a novel in four volumes entitled "L'Émigré" which he had not been able to find, nor had he ever met anyone who had seen it. Writing two years later on the Marquise de Créqui, he tells how a friend of his had met with the book at Berlin and had sent it him. "L'Émigré" was published at Brunswick in 1797, and owing doubtless to the date and place of publication is an exceedingly rare book; only seven copies of it can, so far, be accounted for. The library of the Louvre possessed one which was burnt in 1871, the Bibliothèque Nationale has acquired one since 1854, and five others are known to be in the possession of private collectors.

The period of the French Revolution has always the greatest attraction for biographer, historian, novelist,

dramatist, and similarly for the reader. But a novel by one who was contemporary with, and an actor in the events described, produces a distinctly new sensation. Gabriel Sénac de Meilhan was the son of Jean Sénac, Louis XV.'s physician. He had close relations with the Court, and held several important offices, chiefly in the provinces. In 1789 he was in Paris, and witnessed the events of June and October. The following year he emigrated, and after visiting nearly every country of Europe, died at Vienna in 1803.

The real interest of "L'Émigré" is historical rather than romantic. The period of the novel which, following the fashion of the time, is epistolary in form, is 1793, and the hero, a young French soldier of noble birth, fighting in the Prussian army, being wounded, finds shelter in a castle on the banks of the Rhine. There he falls in love with a fair lady, and after a number of vicissitudes is on the point of marrying her when he is taken prisoner and condemned to die on the scaffold, a disgrace he averts by suicide. Thus it will be seen that in the narration itself there is nothing original or striking. The value and interest of the book reside in the setting of the story. Meilhan was a born observer, and the pictures and scenes and persons described in the pages of "L'Émigré" are worthy to rank beside the best memoirs of the time. It is indeed a real historical study: under cover of his fictitious personages the author gives his personal impressions of the great events he witnessed. What is most striking, perhaps, is the curiously passive state of mind of the Parisians during the Revolution; with aristocrats and bourgeois alike there seems to have ruled "une barbare tranquillité." On the night of October 5, the date of the king's entry into Paris, M. de Meilhan found himself at a party among the élite of Paris. Here is his account of the conversation: "Avez-vous vu passer le Roi?—Non, j'ai été à la Comédie.—Molé a-t-il joué?—Pour moi, j'ai été obligé de rester aux Tuileries, il n'y a pas eu moyen d'en sortir avant neuf heures.—Vous avez donc vu passer le Roi?—Je n'ai pas bien distingué, il faisait nuit." The cannon is heard: "Le Roi sort de l'Hôtel-de-Ville; ils doivent être bien las." And yet these were the same men and women who would willingly have died at the King's feet. Another interesting feature of the book is the incidental light thrown on the treatment awarded the emigrants in the different countries of Europe. They were not invariably accorded a warm welcome.

The romance is considerably abridged, but the editors have done their work so well that nothing material seems to have been lost.

OLD TESTAMENT PROPHECY. By the late A. B. Davidson, D.D. Edited by J. A. Paterson, D.D. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS work by the late Professor of Hebrew in New College, Edinburgh, which is ably edited by his successor in the same chair, represents more than one series of lectures on this important subject. It is in fact an amalgam of many courses, in one of which one, in another another, facet was especially elaborated. It represents, therefore, a formative influence upon the minds of the present generation of Scottish clergy. And it is especially interesting because it elaborately develops the present attitude of a conservative school towards the Scriptures read more or less reluctantly in the light of a revolutionary and audacious criticism. To our forefathers the prophecies of the Old Testament, except so far as they prefigured with a more or less striking picturesqueness incidents in the life of Christ, were left involved in obscurity. That they had some reference to the current complications of the people of Israel was conceded; but that was not the side of them which was felt to concern the Christian man. Between this attitude towards the utterances of the Hebrew prophets and that more modern one which excludes every supernatural and mystical sense, the orthodox expositors



of to-day steer tentatively a difficult course. Dr. Davidson elaborately distinguishes the race of Hebrew prophets from the corresponding classes among other primitive peoples. He considers, only in order finally to reject them, the explanations of the prophetic mind which have been put forward by sceptical philosophy; and in that august series of which Elijah, for the fulness of his perception of the Lord as the One, is taken as the first and Jesus of Nazareth as the crowning example he discerns, mingled with the occasional and the temporary, a revelation of the Infinite and the Absolute.

To him it seems that by the mouths of the prophets a revelation was indeed given, but a revelation of a progressive and germinating character. It was given mediately, through the forms and occasions of a personal and national life. Thus are objections over-ruled such as that which is urged against Psalm ii., wherein the Messiah is painted as a warrior breaking the nations with a rod of iron. "All that incongruities of description prove is that the writer, though referring in his own mind to the coming King, was not enabled in all respects to conceive Him as He came, but conceived Him as if He had come perhaps in relations like or liker those of his own time."

But the book is a book for the specialist. That there is little parade of extrinsic authorities rather bears witness to the completeness with which Dr. Davidson had assimilated the vast quantity of speculation which, particularly in Germany, has been made articulate, than to any neglect of contemporary work. And if we dare not believe his work to possess the virtue of finality, that is only because, on the still shifting sands, permanent stability is in the nature of things hardly to be so much as dreamed of.

THE PRINCIPLES OF MORAL SCIENCE. By the Rev. Walter McDonald, D.D. (Dublin: Browne and Nolan.)

WHATEVER may be said against Confession, as sacramentally practised in the Roman Catholic Church, it must be acknowledged that we owe to it a living tradition in the principles of moral science by which the most stalwart Lutheran may usefully check his own conduct. Dr. McDonald's essay is for the most part too technical to be of general interest. He has been for many years a professor of moral theology at the venerable College of Maynooth. His close attention to Gury and Lehmkuhl, and comparison of them with the older theologians upon whom these text-books are founded, have convinced him that in the fundamental tractates "Of Human Acts" and "Of Conscience" there are points of the received teaching which are inconsistent with the conclusions drawn in the treatises dealing with special subjects. But this is for the specialist. For the general public we take a single point which is of intelligible interest to everybody. As is well known, Catholic theologians are more strict in the prohibition of lying than are others. The most truthful of Protestant Englishmen occasionally finds himself in a position which seems to him to justify him in saying point blank the thing which is not. The Catholic theologian recognises, indeed, that there are times when it is expedient or even obligatory to mislead; but in such circumstances he cannot find justification for more than equivocation, or at the most for the practice of mental reservation. Into the respective merits of the two systems—the battle-field of Newman and Kingsley—we need not enter. We merely note that our author on the one hand notes a serious flaw in the utilitarian argument of Mill, and on the other finds not wholly convincing the argument of St. Thomas Aquinas, founded on a certain lack of order or harmony inseparable from the use of words for any purpose but one—to express certain ideas. A necessity is conceivable which would justify one in turning into lime the Apollo Belvidere; what is a word more than a statue that it should not be applied, where necessary, to the benefit of man? But this does not satisfy him either,

and finally he would seem to leave the question very much as he found it.

On the whole the book leaves on the mind of a layman a notable conviction of the thoroughness of the Scholastic methods and a sincere respect for the pains and acumen brought by the theologian to bear upon these difficult problems of daily life.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE CHARACTER AND AUTHORSHIP OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL. By James Drummond, LL.D. (Williams and Norgate. 10s. 6d.)

WE may as well say at once that in the Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, is found a strong defender of the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel. The fact seems to be realised with something of surprise by himself; so we gather from the tone of his introduction. For, as he tells us, his two principal teachers in theology were the Rev. J. J. Tayler and Dr. Martineau; men who, opposed in temperament, were equally confident in rejecting the Johannine authorship. But yet it must be said in justice to the present author that his view seems not to be the resultant of any violent reaction; that he approaches the evidence, to all appearance, in an eminently judicial frame, and that he marshals the forces for the defence with no less temper than spirit.

Against the authenticity of the fourth evangelic record, the position of Baur marks the extreme swing of the pendulum. Baur, some fifty years ago, tried to show that the whole document is an unfolding of the dogmatic idea of the Logos formulated in the proem, and that the deviations from the facts truthfully narrated by the Synoptics are due to this cause. Presupposing the reconciliation of Jewish Christianity and Paulinism, and transporting the reader into the times of Gnosticism, Montanism and the Paschal controversy, the book could not, according to Baur, be of earlier date than the second half of the second century. Twenty years later Keim, though a strenuous opponent of the genuineness of this Gospel, conceded that it had been used by Justin Martyr, and brought back its date to the days of Trajan, 100–117 A.D.; he supposed the author to be, not a Gentile, but a Jew. There was a tendency to meet this view from the conservative camp, while the Johannine authorship was still maintained, by an acknowledgment that the purpose of the composition was not primarily historical. And this is the position that Dr. Drummond very ably supports. He neither admits that, if the book is John's, it must be strictly historical, nor the converse, that if it be not historical it cannot be John's. He goes so far as to confess himself unable to believe that such miracles as that of Cana and the raising of Lazarus were really performed. And such lapses from accuracy (if lapses they are to be accounted) cannot, he confesses, be instances merely of an old man's failing memory. Thus he is forced to the hypothesis of a deliberate construction of the narrative as a pictorial embodiment of spiritual truth. Such an hypothesis, he reminds us, is not out of harmony with ancient views of the nature of history, and is supported by the traces of an original belief that the Gospel was not so much a chronicle as a theological treatise in the guise, more or less, of allegory. Plato gives us a picture of Socrates founded, indeed, we may suppose, on genuine reminiscence, but still presented through a series of ideal scenes. May not an apostle, it is not unreasonable to ask, have portrayed the master of his heart's devotion in colours drawn from half a century of vivid experience of his indwelling spirit, and have blended together the actual and ideal in lines which are no longer separable? That there is a truth higher in the order of thought than any record of objective realities no one would care to deny.



## Fiction

**THROUGH SORROW'S GATE.** By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Unwin. 6s.) Mr. Sutcliffe knows and loves his Yorkshire moors, and the moor is the best part of his story. With artistic skill and restraint, the author suggests its many moods, from the desolation of the untrodden snows to the wide jubilation of purple heather beneath the sunlight. When he comes to this human drama, he is less successful. We miss the strenuous passion, the brooding mystery of "Shameless Wayne," in this tale of Griff Lomax and his penance. Griff, labouring solitary at his "intake"—the redeeming of wild land from the moor—is an impressive figure, but when he is drawn back into human relationships his stature dwindles. His life tragedy, told at length in an earlier book, is here given in glimpses, with the result of making his penance seem disproportionate to his crime, and his crime foreign to his nature. Nell Nethercliff, the woman whose love brings peace to the lonely man, is not strongly individualised, and her motherhood is a thing altogether incredible. It was a cardinal mistake to endow her with a child, since its passing out of her life in so tragic a manner leaves so little mark. Far more vital and moving than the main story is that of Hester Royd's frustrated love. But the book touches "the sense of tears" in one scene and one only, that where Joshua Royd dies among his cattle, in dumb, faithful service to the dumb things he loves. Indeed, Mr. Sutcliffe's four-legged creatures are always delightful, as witness Trash the dog, who brings about his master's happiness. "Through Sorrow's Gate" is sane and sweet with moorland winds, but we expect stronger work from the chronicler of the Waynes and Ratcliffes.

**JOHN BLANKSETT'S BUSINESS.** By Joseph Clayton. (Brown, Langham. 6s.) John Blanksett at twenty-two is one of the unemployed; the gates of the iron-works are closed against him by reason of his share in promoting a strike which fails. At forty-five, John Blanksett has a large income derived from his business—money-lending. He is head of the Accommodation Loan and Deposit Bank, and finds it profitable as far as his income is concerned. But otherwise he derives no pleasure from it, his wife and children have their own interests, their large establishment is kept up for the purpose of dispensing hospitality to people he does not care about. Sitting in his library on his forty-fifth birthday, John Blanksett "pondered these things, and doubts that had long lurked in his mind concerning his business began to assume definite expression." He is not elected to a seat on the town council because some undesirable facts connected with his business are published in the local paper. His only brother he finds living in the lowest depths of poverty, the daughter dead of starvation, and another worse than dead through falling into a fellow money-lender's clutches. John Blanksett is not the usual grasping hard-hearted money-lender, but he has hitherto failed to see the many tragedies for which his loans pave the way. The book is full of hard facts about John Blanksett's business, pitiful scenes of poverty and weakness are disclosed, horrible pictures of vice yielding profitable returns are drawn. The whole is a tragedy of money, written simply but with force, a faithful study of life which holds our unflinching attention. We cannot too highly praise the restraint and simplicity with which the story is told.

**TOY GODS.** By Percival Pickering. (Long, 6s.) "Toy Gods" is an interesting book that just stops short of high attainment. The story opens well and claims instant attention, but towards the end the interest is somewhat relaxed. Amelia Bradshaw is the offspring of an unequal marriage, that of a distinguished Admiral who late in life marries his cook. Of course the Admiral's family refuses to countenance the marriage, and when the Admiral dies leaving no provision for his widow, Amelia and her mother return to their own level. When the story opens Melia is an assistant at a small drapery establishment in the Edgware Road. She is pretty but vulgar, showily dressed, and speaks with a terrible Cockney twang. One night she borrows a pantomime dress with little or no skirt and boldly forces her way into her half-sister's house when there is a fancy dress ball. She thus attracts her sister's not very favourable attention, and is politely requested to retire. Subsequently, however, the sister rescues Amelia, and as an experiment has her educated and brought to her own house. The character of Amelia is carefully and truthfully drawn, her treatment of her two lovers is amusing and full of clever touches. But Amelia, vulgar and pert, is more amusing than Amelia with a veneer of refinement. There is humour and insight in the author's sketches of her life at the draper's, of her aunt, Mrs. Burgess, who does "close" and odd jobs, and of her room-mate, Mab Higgins, which is somehow lacking in the description of Amelia's transition to Albert Gate.

There is also a tendency to touch and retouch a picture until the workmanship becomes too apparent, and a too great insistence on personal appearances. But the book in spite of its faults is well worth reading; it is clever, bright, and often original.

**REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.** By George S. Astins. (Drane. 3s. 6d.) Fifty years ago this novel might have been called a "shocker." To-day its well-worn artifice is pathetically powerless to cause a tremor. The plot depends on the extraordinary resemblance between an actor and a clergyman, which favours a monstrous deception. The villains of the piece—"piece" is a diplomatic word—are the actor and the clergyman's wife. Between them they break the sixth, seventh, and eighth commandments, and even the patient clergyman "blurts out" that the actor's "conduct" is "reprehensible." Mr. Astins' heart is liberally on the side of the angels, but his natural politeness is such that he "Misters" his male villain in the hour of his exposure and when the brand of Cain is on his brow.

## Short Notices

## Some Recent Verse

**THE DIVINE VISION AND OTHER POEMS.** By A. E. (Macmillan. 3s. net.) **GUIDO AND VERONICA AND OTHER POEMS.** By Kaufmann C. Spiers. (David Nutt.) **POEMS AND IDYLLS.** By John Cullen. (Elliot Stock. 4s. 6d.) **FRONDES CADUCE.** By Montagu Lomax. (H. J. Glaisher. 3s. 6d. net.) **SONGS OF LOVE AND LABOUR.** By Sir William Allan. (Brown, Langham & Co. 6s.) From this sheaf of books in verse two stand prominently forth. One is the latest volume of the Irish poet who is known under the pen-name of "A. E." It shows the writer to be developing more and more exclusively in the direction of specific mysticism. We have not encountered in it anything with quite so much of intimate poetry as was possessed by his most successful previous verse. As in the case of a brother-poet, Mr. Yeats, there seems a tendency to overweight his work with mysticism; in the eager pursuit of its intellectual conceptions, and the desire to expound—or rather embody them, the emotional element suffers somewhat for the sake of the intellectual idea. The pure poetry is partially clouded and thickened. By which we do not intend to accuse "A. E." of obscurity; though that charge will doubtless be brought by the general reader. At the same time there is much of poetic fancy, and that dreamy note of regret and desire common to most poets of the "Celtic movement." The book is, indeed, steeped in an atmosphere of dream. But, as a whole, it misses somewhat of that elusive magic proper to such work; the quality which (we have said) this writer's best poems have shown. Even this comes by fits and gusts. A peculiar feature is the extent to which the poet is dominated by two or three ideas. These are repeated and turned about, from various aspects, in poem after poem. It is all work of distinction and refinement, with an individuality upon it. The other book with a voice of its own is Mr. Spiers' "Guido and Veronica." It is very slender: the title-poem occupies near some half the volume, and there are but half-a-dozen poems besides. But in some of these there is a real poetry. This is evident in the narrative-poem which gives name to the book; but it appears with more concentration in some of the longer lyrical poems which adopt the irregular metre of the ode, though they cannot be called odes. "Watch-Night," a kind of prothalamion (one might call it) sung by a maiden waiting for her bridegroom, is full of a true and rich fancy, striking imagery, and choice diction. These are throughout Mr. Spiers' qualities at his best. Sometimes the diction is somewhat over-wrought or even (but more rarely) fantastic. Nor is Mr. Spiers very careful of form and proportion; his poetry is rather vagrant and apt to sin by diffuseness. In his smaller and slighter lyrics he is less distinguished, more nearly commonplace. But at its best his poetry has the colour and glow of youth. Of the remaining volumes let it suffice to say that one (though in a third edition) is ambitious and obvious, another obvious and unambitious; while the third, "Frondes Caduce," merits mild commendation. If nowhere rising to the height of original poetry, it is cultivated in expression and modestly unpretentious. But none of these last volumes call for serious attention.

**BROWNING'S ESSAY ON SHELLEY.** Edited with an Introduction by Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D. (Moring. 2s. 6d. net.) This is an attractive reprint of the essay prefixed by Browning in 1852 to the forged letters of Shelley, published by Moxon, a volume which is now a prize of book-collectors. Dr. Garnett, with his

accustomed fulness of knowledge and sound judgment, tells in his introduction the story of that publication. It may be stated with confidence that Browning had not seen the originals of the forged letters—so Mr. Wise was informed by Browning himself. The attribution to Browning of the "Life of Strafford" is, on the other hand, expressed too strongly by Dr. Garnett; Browning could hardly have praised as "subtle and eloquent" work of which he was himself the author. That Browning's feelings towards Shelley changed is a statement which does not rest only on Mrs. Orr's testimony. He wrote in 1835 to Dr. Farnivall, "I painfully contrast my notions of Shelley, the man, and Shelley, well, even the poet, with what they were sixty years ago." He had been unfavourably impressed by a letter from Harriet Shelley to Hookham, shown to him, the real significance of which was not apparent without the examination of other letters which Browning had not seen. As to Shelley's poetry, Browning, in his elder years, thought much more of accepting our human limitations and making the most of which lies within them than he did in earlier years. The author of "Ferishtab's Fancies" could not value the poetry of Shelley as highly as the author of "Paraselsus" had valued it.

THE STORY OF PET MARJORIE (MARJORY FLEMING). By L. Macbean. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.) To have lived a month less than nine years, and yet in that space of time to have earned a place in the "Dictionary of National Biography," to have provided material for two separate biographies, and to have inspired in John Brown's pamphlet "the best book about a child that ever was written," is a fate that is surely unrivalled. Marjory Fleming's fate does not transcend her desert. Mr. Macbean's book was not necessary to prove this, but the volume should be read by everyone who has made the acquaintance of the little maid through John Brown, and by everyone who has not. For Maidie's friends and admirers have conspired to make it a definitive edition of her "life and works," complete in every detail, and embellished by illustrations that really illustrate, including five portraits of the little poetess-moralist. Here we have her 200-line "epic" on Mary Stuart, a wonderfully concise and accurate summary of the leading events in Mary's troubled life; and her briefer rhymed history of the Scottish Jameses, embracing one example of Maidie's amusing treatment of difficult rhymes. James II., we are told,

"Was killed by a cannon splinter  
In the middle of the winter;  
Perhaps it was not at that time,  
But I could get no other rhyme."

But Majorie's letters and her four journals (written to improve her penmanship) are the "real self-revelation of a human soul in the shaping, charged with her piquant personality." From them we learn of her joys and her sorrows, her loving nature and her ebullient temper, her Calvinistic gloom and her mild profanities, her literary tastes and her love affairs! To those who would know perhaps the most attractive child of whom record has been written, we say: Read this book. But first read, or re-read, John Brown's essay.

THE NIEBELUNGS: A Tragedy in Three Parts. From the German of Friedrich Hebbel. By H. Goldberger. Illustrated by G. H. McCall. (A. Siegle.) To the student of German dramaturgy the name and the works of Christian Friedrich Hebbel are so well known that it has always seemed curious that, beyond some excerpts in a school book published in 1852, nothing of his should have been translated into English. For the man was an interesting personality, and did some rather fine work. Born in 1813 at Wesselburn in Holstein, the son of a very poor bricklayer, with a genius for telling *Märchen*, he grew up in the direst need, and until he went to Hamburg as a lad he practically educated himself. Once launched, however, as poet, dramatist, and journalist, his fame grew rapidly. Among his best known plays are "Michael Angelo," "The Diamond," "Moloch," "Judith," and the "Rubin"; of his many detached poems the "Sacrifice of Spring" is of especial beauty. His great compilation, or free rendering into modern German of the Niebelung legend, was first produced in the Grand Ducal Theatre at Weimar on May 16, 1861. The author's wife, a well-known actress, played the leading part, and a contemporary critic said of the trilogy, "No one hitherto has collated the whole dramatic treasure of the Niebelung legends and made it playable on the modern stage." As a matter of fact it is, within certain limitations, a very fine work, especially considering the somewhat narrow times in which it was written and played. The translation now published is adequate and painstaking. The translator has chosen to be merely matter of fact and straightforward. He gives us practically a literal translation without the slightest attempt to reproduce the poetry, the glamour, or the verbal fascination of the original. He is content to be bald and accurate; in places indeed his accuracy leads him into pitfalls of something nearly approaching bathos. For students and those who desire to possess what is really a "crib" to

Hebbel, this most excellently bound and printed volume may be recommended.

CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION: THE TEACHING OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AS INTERPRETED AND ILLUSTRATED BY THE WRITINGS OF THE REFORMERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By T. W. Drury, B.D. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.) The Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, in this volume has linked together a catena of authorities sufficient to demonstrate finally, we think, the limits of what, with regard to the ordinance which before the Reformation was called the Sacrament of Penance, may be held in "our pure and reformed Church." We do not suppose that his well-intentioned work will go far towards modifying the practice of High Church clergymen. If this voluntary and partial confession, this seeking of advice, this declaratory absolution are all that is comprised in the ordinance, it is simply not worth fighting for; they are the obvious natural right of any man who desires them. As to the English Reformers, they are simply held of no account when found in opposition to the rather vague entity to which such of their descendants apply the name "Catholic Church." If there is any sacramental ministry of reconciliation, it is that (it seems to them obvious) defined by the Council of Trent. If, on the other hand, the ministry is not sacramental but merely natural, no wonder that in the Fulham Conference, "with few exceptions, the acute differences which arose turned on the expediency of making a more or less frequent use of private confession." But we should do Mr. Drury less than justice if we left it to be supposed that he goes no further than is indicated by his professed purpose. The Reformers built upon the New Testament and the writings of the primitive Fathers; and it is, of course, not difficult to gather out of this latter storehouse enough matter to constitute a strong case against the fully developed doctrine of Rome. This they did; and this, following his leaders, Mr. Drury has done in a perfectly temperate and cogent way that should commend his book alike to those of his own school of thought and to those of another way of thinking who can appreciate the value of straightforward and scholarly controversy on burning questions.

THE EXPOSITOR. Vol. VIII. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) It is not easy to give any sort of just idea of a volume of "The Expositor," concerned as it is for the most part with difficult and intricate problems of criticism or philosophy treated by practised hands with sublime disregard of the convenience and limitations of the "general public." It is not possible barely to enumerate the contents of the present volume, but let us hasten, in the first place, to render thanks to Professor Garvie for his exposition and criticism of the theory of the value-judgments which play so leading a part in that Ritschlian theology which at the present time is dominant in Germany. His article (in four papers) ends on a note of faith: "Only if we believe that God has so revealed Himself to us that in the light of our knowledge of Him we can understand the meaning and worth of all finite existence as otherwise we could not, can we confidently make our consciousness of God regulative of all our thought"; only so subordinate that science, of which the object is the world, and the philosophy of which ourselves are the object, to theology, which is "the vision of God as revealed in Jesus Christ." The authorship of "Hebrews" is treated by Professor Vernon Bartlett; whose conclusion is that the epistle was written from Italy by Barnabas, of whom, in a previous number of "The Expositor," he had maintained that he was in the eyes of his contemporaries a greater figure than is recognised to-day. The date he assigns is the spring of A.D. 62; and the occasion a tendency among communities of Jewish Christians to a practical apostasy due to a habit of mind which failed to do justice to the Gospel as the absolute form of religion, to which Judaism was but preparatory. Dr. Denny treats of the new facet of the doctrine of Atonement which the modern mind has learned to perceive and reverence; and akin to his paper is the Rev. G. S. Streatfeild's on "The Fatherhood of God." Points of critical scholarship are treated by the Rev. Arthur Carr (John vii. 52), Professor Driver (Jerem. xxii., xxiii.), and Mr. Goodepeed (that mysterious harbour of Crete that looked *κατὰ λίβαν καὶ κατὰ χέρον*). The many disciples of Martineau will read with interest the Rev. J. Hoatson's inquiry into the influence exercised upon him by Frederic Robertson. Professor Bennett's experimental reading of the life of Christ from the pages of St. Mark alone arrests attention. Of high technical value are Professor Moulton's "Notes from Papyri"; the essay on "The Name of Jehovah in the Abrahamic Age," by the Rev. C. H. W. Johns; and Dr. Moffatt's résumé of "Recent Foreign Literature on the New Testament." The Rev. David Smith begins, with "The Evangelic Testimony," his examination of the evidence for the Resurrection, and Professor Zahn concludes his "Missionary Methods in the Times of the Apostles."



## Reprints and New Editions

a. THE NATIONAL SPORTS OF GREAT BRITAIN. With fifty coloured plates by Henry Alken. b. THE ANALYSIS OF THE HUNTING FIELD. Illustrated by Henry Alken. "The Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books." Methuen. 4s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net respectively.) These additions to an admirable series of reprints are in every way worthy of their predecessors. In "National Sports" one can read all about racing, the points of a horse and its training, fox-hunting and its excitements, coursing, shooting, angling, fly-fishing, prize-fighting and other forms of sport. All keen sportsmen who have not the books already should certainly buy them in this handy form.

KING'S LETTERS: FROM THE DAYS OF ALFRED TO THE COMING OF THE TUDORS. (King's Classics. Moring. 2s. 6d. net.) This volume, edited by Mr. Robert Steele, is not merely a reprint of Halliwell's Letters of the Kings of England, but includes many new letters, and the whole has been carefully revised and compared with the original documents. To those who already know the King's Classics, this present volume will need no introduction. It is tastefully bound, well printed, and makes a valuable addition to the series.

a. AN EMERSON TREASURY. b. A TREASURY OF TRANSLATIONS. By William E. A. Axon. (Broadbent. 3d. each.) Tasteful booklets issued at a moderate price. A selection of thoughts from Emerson requires care and considerable ability, otherwise the result is unsatisfactory and scrappy, as is the case with the present booklet.

a. A CALENDAR OF LYRICS IN 1904. b. DR. JOHNSON'S CALENDAR FOR 1904. (O. Anacker. Each 1s. net.) The first is quite the most charming little almanac we have seen this year; beautifully bound and beautifully printed; an admirable gift for a dainty lover of dainty books. The Dr. Johnson is suitably bound in staid brown paper cover and printed in old-world type.

## New Books Received

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

- Drummond, M.A. (James), An Enquiry into the Character and Authorship of the Fourth Gospel.....(Williams and Norgate) 10/6  
Montagu (Lily H.), Thoughts on Judaism.....(Brimley Johnson) 2/6  
Swete, D.D. (Henry Barclay), Studies in the Teaching of Our Lord.....(Hodder and Stoughton) 3/6

## POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Wilcox (Ella Wheeler), Poems of Power.....(Gay and Bird) net 3/6  
Tatterall (John), The Lost Paradise and Other Poems.....(Morton) net 2/6  
Chase (Wilfrid Earl), Poems.....(Chase, Madison, Wis.) 50c.  
Groin (J. T.), Dramatic Criticism, Vol. IV., 1902-1903: A Study in Neutrality.....(King) net 8/0  
Lee, Ph.D. (Guy Carleton), The True History of the Civil War (Lippincott) net 10/6  
Curtis (William Elroy), The True Abraham Lincoln.....( ) net 10/0  
Wright (Thomas), The Life of Edward Fitzgerald, 2 vols.....(Richards) 24/0  
Gosse (Edmund), Jeremy Taylor. (English Men of Letters Series.).....(Macmillan) net 2/0

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Paul (Herbert), A History of Modern England, Vols. I. and II. (Macmillan) net 8/6  
Morris (Henry), The Life of Charles Grant.....(Murray) net 12/0  
Ford, B.L., Ph.D. (Guy Stanton), Hanover and Prussia, 1795-1803: A Study in Neutrality.....(King) net 8/0  
Lee, Ph.D. (Guy Carleton), The True History of the Civil War (Lippincott) net 10/6  
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Gosse (Edmund), Jeremy Taylor. (English Men of Letters Series.).....(Macmillan) net 2/0

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

- Fountain (Paul), The Great North-West and the Great Lake Region of North America.....(Longmans, Green) net 10/6  
White (Stewart Edward), The Forest.....(Grant Richards) net 7/6  
Hamilton (Angus), Korea.....(Heinemann) net 15/0

## ART

- Witt (Mary H.), The German and Flemish Masters in the National Gallery.....(Bell) 5/0  
Halsey (Ethel), Gaudenzio Ferrari. (Great Masters Series).....(Bell) net 5/0  
Sketchley (R. E. D.), Watts. (Little Books on Art Series).....(Methuen) net 2/6  
Great Masters, Part VII.....(Heinemann) net 5/0

## SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

- Leighton, M.D., F.R.S.E. (Gerald R.), The Life-History of British Lizards.....(Morton) net 5/0

## EDUCATIONAL

- Lees (Beatrice A.), History in Biography, Vol. I., King Alfred to Edward I. (Black) 2/0  
Webb (Sidney), London Education.....(Longmans) net 2/6

## MISCELLANEOUS

- Fiera and Sylva, Vol. I., 1903.....(Robinson) 3/6  
Head (Brandon), The Food of the Gods: A Popular Account of Cocoa.....(Brimley Johnson) 3/6  
The Survey Gazetteer of the British Isles, with Maps and Plans, Part I., edited by J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.G.S.....(Newnes) net 0/7  
Northcroft (George J. H.), How to Write Verse (Smith's Publishing Company) 2/6

## MISCELLANEOUS—cont.

- The "Daily Mail" Special Map of the Far East.....(Phillip) net 1/0  
Pleasure Guide to Paris for Bachelors.....(Nilsson) net 2/6  
Report on the Budget of the Empire for 1904.....(Imperial Academy of Science, St. Petersburg) 2/6  
Bardwell (Mrs. F. A.), The Book of Town and Window Gardening (Lane) net 2/6  
Roundell (Mrs. Charles) and Roberts (Harry), The Still-Room (Lane) cloth, net 3/0; leather, net 4/0  
Keeble (W. J.), Protection and the People.....(Dicks) 0/6  
Letts's Office Diary and Almanac, 1904.....(Cassell) 10/0  
The Freehold Farm, No. 1.....(Reeves) 0/6

## FICTION

- "Entrapped," by Alice M. Diehl (Long, 6/0; "Devastation," by Mrs. Coulson Kernahan (Long, 4/0; "Four Red Roses," by Sarah Tytler (Long, 6/0; "Monsigny," by Justus Miles Forman (Ward, Loth, 6/0; "The Foolish Virgins," by Alfred Sutro (Chatto and Windus), 1/0; "The Ways of the Millionaire," by Oswald Crawford (Chapman and Hall); "The Little Afrikander and the Great Queen," by Maynard Butler (Sonnenschein), net 1/0; "The Sirdar's Oath," by Bertram Mitford (White), 6/0; "A Magdalen's Husband," by Vincent Brown (Duckworth); "Slaves of Passion," by Helen Bylles (Long, 6/0; "A Canadian Girl," by Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Haggard (Long, 6/0; "A Criminal Crusade," by George Griffith (Long, 6/0; "My Friend Prospero," by Henry Harland (Lane), 6/0.

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- "Boys' Second Book of Inventions," by Ray Stannard Baker (Harper), 6/0.

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- "A Short History of the English People," by John Richard Green, Part 40 (Macmillan), net 0/6; "The Life of Robert Burns," by John Gibson Lockhart, edited by J. M. Sison (Hutchinson), net 1/0; "The Paston Letters, A.D. 1422-1509," edited by James Gairdner, Vol. 2 (Clarendon and Windus), net 12/6; "Poems and Idylls," by John Galsworthy (Routledge), 4/6; "Sam Slick the Clockmaker," by Judge Haliburton (Routledge); "Black Sheep," by Edmund Yates (Routledge); "Tom Bulkeley," by R. Mouseney Jephson (Routledge); "The Mysteries of Udolpho," by Ann Radcliffe (Routledge); "Whitefriars," by Emma Robinson (Routledge); "The Complete Angler of Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton" (Methuen), net 3/6; "The Heart of Japan," by Clarence Ludlow Brownell (Methuen), 6/0; "The Poetical Works of Christina Georgina Rossetti, with Memoir and Notes," by W. M. Rossetti (Macmillan), 7/6; Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," Vol. II., D-G, edited by G. C. Williamson, Litt.D. (Bell), net 21/0.

## PERIODICALS

- "Our Poultry," "Animal Life," "Church Quarterly Review," "Independent," "International Journal of Ethics," "Edinburgh Review," "English Historical Review," "Girl's Realm," "Photo-Miniature," "Lippincott's," "Technics," "Smart Set," "The Londoner," "Mind," "North American Review," "Journal of Theological Studies," "Review of Reviews," "Atlantic Monthly," "Pall Mall Magazine," "Woman at Home."

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## Literature.

- The Vatican and the Abbé Loisy II.  
A History of Modern England.  
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Conduction of Electricity through Gases.  
The Psalms in Human Life.  
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"THE TIMES" LITERARY SUPPLEMENT is also sold with the Mail, or

"THE TIMES" WEEKLY EDITION, upon payment of an additional penny.

Address THE PUBLISHER, *The Times*,  
Printing House Square London, E.C.



## The Centenary of a Blue-Stocking

**T**HE centenary of the death of the author of "The Female Quixote" ought not to be overlooked. Few now read that rococo novel, but Charlotte Lennox does not depend solely on her own fame for remembrance; she "shares the triumph and partakes the gale" of Dr. Johnson's swelling progress.

She was the daughter of Colonel Ramsay, Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and came to England at the age of fifteen to be trained by a "well-to-do aunt." Before she put her girlish foot on our shores the well-to-do aunt had taken leave of her wits, a calamity that was soon followed by the death of her father on the other side of the Atlantic. Charlotte deserved the pity of two hemispheres. Happily she was taken up, we know not how or why, by Lady Rockingham, and to some extent by the Duchess of Newcastle. Better still, she began to earn money by her pen. All of which sounds like a novelette in being. It is true that she did not marry her publisher, he being married already, but she accepted his assistant, a Mr. Lennox. "Mr." Lennox lives in history as the husband of Charlotte Lennox. Charlotte soon detected the romance in her lot, and wove it into her first story, "Harriot Stuart."

By this time she had joined that select circle of ladies who basked in the smiles and growls of Dr. Johnson. From first to last Johnson was partial to her, and the fuss he made about the launching of "Harriot Stuart" is literary history. The book was ready in the spring of 1751. Johnson proposed to his friends at the Ivy Lane Club that they should celebrate the birth of "Mrs. Lennox's first literary child" by a supper and an all-night carouse. Hawkins, who tells the story, weakly objected that he had never been out of bed a whole night in his life, but being answered by the Doctor that he "would find great delight in it," he promptly gave in. The supper was ordered at the Devil Tavern, Fleet Street, for eight o'clock. Mrs. Lennox and her husband, and a lady friend, together with some twenty others, sat down in great good humour, and the Doctor carried all before him. He had ordered a magnificent apple pie, which he insisted on decorating with bay leaves. After this and other ceremonies he crowned Mrs. Lennox with a wreath of laurel. The night passed "in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth," Johnson being at his best at five o'clock in the morning, when his face "shone with meridian splendour." By this time most of the company were helpless, and only the daybreak put them in mind of their bill; but the waiters were overcome with sleep, and not until the street door opened at eight o'clock was the twelve hours' festivity ended.

With "Harriot Stuart" Mrs. Lennox "arrived." Thenceforth she lived the literary life, still helped and trumpeted by Johnson. She edited, she translated, she dramatised, and she justified much of the attention she received by writing "The Female Quixote: or the Adventures of Arabella." Fielding thought this novel "a most extraordinary and most excellent performance" and a "work of true humour." It is concerned with a lady whose sensibility and dignity would not permit her to listen to any declarations of love. "I do not know," she says to her would-be lover, "what sort of ladies they are who allow such unbecoming liberties; but I am certain that Statira, Parisatis, Clelia, Mandane, and all the illustrious heroines of antiquity, whom it is a glory to resemble, would never admit of such discourses." So Arabella resembles and Glanville dissembles, and in a comedy of distance and respect the novel progresses to a happy ending. The book was a great success. Not so her drama "The Sisters." Epilogued by Goldsmith and produced by Colman, it fell flat at Covent Garden, but was plagiarised by General Burgoyne in his "Heiress" to an extent at once shameful and complimentary. To name Mrs. Lennox's other works would be only to demonstrate how much she is a forgotten author in her own right. Who has read "Philander: a Dramatic Pastoral," who "Euphemia, a Novel," who the Duchess de la Vallière's "Meditations and Penitential Prayers, with some Account of her Life"?

In the "Ladies' Pocket Book" of 1778 are engraved nine female figures, each—of course—in the character of a Muse. They are Elizabeth Carter of "Epictetus" fame; Mrs. Barbauld, who wrote many books, and lives by one short poem; Angelica Kauffman; Mrs. Sheridan; Mrs. Montagu, the original blue-stocking; the saintly Hannah More; Mrs. Macaulay, whose "History of England" was such a flash in the pan; Mrs. Griffith, whose "Letters of Henry and Frances" had their day; and last, but not least, the lady whom Johnson crowned at the Devil Tavern. One night in his last year the Doctor dined at Mrs. Garrick's house in Adelphi Terrace with Elizabeth Carter, Hannah More, and Fanny Burney. "Three such women," he told Boswell, "are not to be found: I know not where I could find a fourth, except Mrs. Lennox, who is superior to them all." A few months later he passed away, and Mrs. Lennox soon found that she was out-living not only her friend, but her fame. She knew poverty, sickness, and neglect, and died a pensioner of the Royal Literary Fund on January 4, 1804.

## Egomets

**I** HAVE recently been browsing in bed upon "Barchester Towers" and "The Three Clerks." How old-fashioned these stories of Trollope are compared with those of some of his contemporaries, say with those of Thackeray and Dickens. The immortals never grow old; it is to be feared then that Trollope will not prove to be an immortal; in fact I fancy he never thought that he was such. To him letters were a mere means of earning money: he had no artistic emotions that drove him to express himself by means of his pen. Had he been able to paint pictures that would sell or to compose music that would prove acceptable he would doubtless have done such work for a consideration.

For many years I refused to read Trollope, for I had perused his ineffable life of Thackeray in the "English

Men of Letters." It angered me, as it must have done—did in fact—everyone who loved and honoured Thackeray. Who was this bourgeois, jog-trotting Trollope, that he should set himself up to preach upon idleness with Thackeray's life as text? Every genius is in his own way industrious, but every man of industry is not a genius—Trollope for one. Another work that angered me was his Autobiography, in which indeed he did himself scant justice. He was not altogether the money-seeking hack he there made himself out to be.

He can be quite amusing, as for example in the character and adventures of Charley Tudor in "The Three Clerks"; he can touch sentiment deftly and pathos deeply on occasion, as is shown by some of the incidents and descriptions in "Barchester Towers." But his moments are few

and far between, and if his work have a value for future generations it will not be as fiction but as fact, for he painted the manners of his time very truly and minutely. He lived in an interesting era, the parting of the ways between the old days and the new; in his pages we travel by train and by coach; duelling is a mode of days near past; the telegraph is an innovation; the country round London then is suburban now, and so forth.

But he is old-fashioned, and much as I love many old fashions and many old-fashioned writers, Trollope annoys me. Thackeray can call a pause, preach to his readers and chat of his puppets, without disturbing our equanimity or destroying the illusion of the narrative; Trollope jars upon me rudely when he plays such pranks and he plays them only too frequently. Then when Trollope is in need of a name for a medical man he will probably call him Dr. Cureall, or by some such title; a hard-up baronet will be Sir Penniless Lackall; a profligate peer, Lord Moraless; a talkative landlady, Mrs. Manywords, and so on! This trick I can forgive in Dickens—I could forgive him almost anything, save the, to me, unreal sentiment of some of his death-bed scenes and his straw-stuffed gentlefolk. I suppose it comes to just this, that I can forgive much to those I love and little to those I dislike, or do not love. Trollope I do not love, and I fear me never shall do so, much as I should like to be at peace with all writers.

It is of course wrong of me to allow dislike for the personality of a writer to influence me in my judgment of or liking for his work. But though this may be the best of all possible worlds for a bookman, it is not perfect. Trollope is a thought too good in his own opinion, a little too much of a would-be saint to be lovable to this sinner. Thackeray and Dickens I love for their broad humanity and their soft hearts; I am sure either of them would have lent me a guinea if I had gone to them in my trouble. Trollope would have looked me up and down through his spectacles, would have demanded if my way of life were thoroughly methodical, and on receiving my truthful answer would have written me down a miserable sinner. Sinner I am, but not miserable. I verily believe he could have found it in his heart to have forgiven any sinner as he had been a man of method.

E. G. O.

## Science

### The Love of Truth

**W**HEN a Darwin, or a Huxley, or a Spencer dies, it is commonly and properly asserted of him that his leading characteristic was a love of Truth. And if you listen to those who are, for one reason or another, in opposition to such men, you will hear that to claim a love of Truth as a man's leading characteristic is to insist on the obvious, all healthy-minded people being endowed, as a matter of course, with some measure of this high passion. These critics are prepared to maintain that, in all decent persons, themselves included, there is the love of Truth: by which phrase we mean a dominating affection, so that to have learned the real facts in the course of an argument affords far more satisfaction than to have proved your opponent wrong, and so that it causes a grief of soul to see the thing that is not offered in the guise of the thing that is, even to a schoolboy at the Antipodes or a savage in Fiji.

But I think it can be shown that this belief in the widespread prevalence of a love of Truth is by no means confined to the protagonists on one side in the conflict between science and dogmatic theology. Let me quote,

for instance, from a French educationist, M. Laisant, who is referring to the teaching of religion and ethics in schools:—

*L'éducateur habile, en stimulant dans l'esprit de son élève le culte de la vérité, en tirant parti de tous les exemples, de toutes les observations, de l'expérience quotidienne, arrivera sans peine à façonner graduellement cette conscience d'enfant pour en faire une conscience humaine.*

The reviewer in last week's "Nature," quoting this sentence, says that it will commend itself to and will gain the assent of most men of science.

Now it appears to me that this sentence implicitly contains at least one very questionable assumption. The author appears to regard a love of Truth as a natural appanage of a schoolmaster. His pupils are constantly to see this passion exalted above all others and are thereby to obtain a firm foundation in ethics. I believe, on the contrary, that it would be a terrible—perhaps the most terrible of disasters, if the formal and explicit teaching of morality—or of religion, for is not that "morality touched by emotion"?—were to cease from within our schools. I do not for a moment believe that the love of Truth, displayed either overtly or covertly by the teacher could ever be a substitute for this, and I gravely question the assumption that such a love of Truth may be taken for granted as a necessary ingredient of the teacher's temper.

On the contrary, I humbly subscribe to the opinion of Spencer that love of Truth is one of the rarest of virtues. I know the struggle within myself when, as in controversy, the love of Truth is in conflict with self-esteem, with the love of *appearing* to be on the side of Truth. You may say that I am particularly unfortunate, and that my case does not furnish an adequate argument against the exclusion of formal ethical teaching from our schools. I do not think so. Is not the difficulty with which the average man acknowledges himself to be wrong simply notorious, and is not such an acknowledgment just exactly a homage to Truth? Yet, if we loved Truth as we think we do, the mere demonstration of our error would be unable to cause any emotion of chagrin, for the emotion of joy in having found Truth, our heart's desire, would utterly possess us.

And, finally, I think it may easily be shown from our present educational system that the great majority of us prefer Convenience and Ease to Truth. A recent writer, for instance, urges that the time has now come for the facts of Organic Evolution to be taught in schools. It seems a reasonable proposition, does it not? Organic evolution is infinitely more certain—since it is derived from evidence of a totally different order—than is the accuracy of any single historical fact. It has been part of Truth any time these forty years; it had received final proof when most of the parents of the present generation of school-children were themselves at school. Yet so far are men from loving Truth, so far are they from even mere expediency in this matter, that there is absolutely no desire worth mentioning amongst parents that their children should be taught this great and significant Truth. I say expediency, since it seems to me to be better that a child should be taught the truth about human origins, and be taught it with some appreciation of its glorious implications for the future, than that the child, now adolescent, should learn from the Rationalist Press Association that man is a monkey and may as well swallow the fact without making a wry face.

One other proof of my contention that the love of Truth is not common property. I assert, as an astounding and to me utterly incomprehensible fact that there do exist—you will not believe me, I know—in this present year and in this land of England, a whole host of parents who do not believe in the historical accuracy of Adam and Eve and who repudiate the doctrine of eternal torment, the most immeasurably horrible and inhuman of all human conceptions, who yet consciously permit their children to be taught



and to believe in the literal truth of that Babylonian legend and of a dogma which conceives of Deity as the very opposite to a God of justice.

C. W. SALEEBY.

## Dramatic Notes

**T**HE theatre-going public is divided into two distinct classes, by far the larger consisting of those who thirst merely for entertainment and the smaller of those who wish to be spectators of plays which transfer to the stage the problems and difficulties of life. The problem play has unfortunately come to mean a piece that deals with one problem only of life, an important one undeniably, but at the same time one of which it is easy to exaggerate the importance, and which also cannot be discussed candidly in public. Readers may be divided similarly into two classes, those who resort to literature simply for amusement, for that end demanding light works of fiction, anecdotal biographies, adventurous works of travel and "tit-bitty" newspapers and periodicals; the few, on the other hand, turning to books for the consolations and stimulations of literature. The writer of serious books, even if his public be comparatively small, can count upon a certain public for support and can reasonably expect, if his work be of good quality, to find a publisher. With the writer of plays which deal with the realities of life, serious and comic too, it is far otherwise; he can indeed count upon a certain measure of public support, but his chance with the managers of our playhouses is but small. Why?

WELL, in the first place the manager cannot fairly be blamed, he is a business man and has to make his business pay. Where, then, is the fault? With the public? Scarcely, for the public has never shown any reluctance to support true tragedy or true comedy; but they refuse rightly to pay for seats to witness plays which are serious only in the fact that they do not amuse. They neither interest nor entertain. If we want mere entertainment we are provided with plenty of fare. I spoke recently of the excellent entertainment supplied by "The Country Girl," and would now draw attention to "The Orchid" at the Gaiety Theatre. This piece does not stimulate thought, makes no call upon our critical faculties, does not anywhere touch life, but it does entertain. The music is bright if not distinguished, some of the songs capitally written, the dresses artistic, in colour wonderfully so, the dancing, though there is too little of it, first rate, the acting and the singing most of it good, though the funny men depend rather too much upon buffoonery. But in such entertainments as these I seem to see, as does Mrs. Craigie, the possible beginnings of a new form of theatrical entertainment—new and national. It is a gradual growth from the formless and senseless musical comedies of a few years ago; it is still formless, and probably will remain so, but it is beautiful to look at, pleasant to listen to, and it may develop, evolve, into something as clever and as national in spirit as the satires of Aristophanes. Only Aristophanes is lacking, but he may be in our midst though unrecognised. There is hope then for the comic drama.

MR. GEORGE EDWARDES is responsible for the quite delightful revival (referred to in Musical Notes) of "Ib and Little Christina" at the Lyric Theatre. Captain Basil Hood has written a touching and sympathetic "book," Signor Franco Leoni has composed music which taken as a whole is dramatic and melodious, and the manager has provided a cast of extraordinary excellence, including Mr. Ben Davies

and Miss Susan Strong. This is light opera at its very best, and if Mr. Edwardes can bring his various forces into line, he may prove to be the founder of a new and good school of musical pieces, filled with good humour, good writing and good music.

ON the serious side of the stage the outlook is not so bright. With the solitary exception of "Cousin Kate," recently withdrawn, the past year produced nothing which approached true comedy; serious drama or tragedy was entirely absent from the boards. Of tawdry melodrama decked out in fine feathers we were given only too much. Mr. Barrie's fairy tales stand in a class apart. "Letty," which has not proved altogether a success from the managerial point of view, was the most interesting example of a serious play which attempted to deal with the verities of life. In the cause of its failure may, I think, be found the whole cause of the present depressed condition of dramatic literature. As I sat and watched the adventures of Letty and her lovers I was not, who could be, interested in her or them, but merely in studying the workmanship and the skill of Mr. Pinero. I did not feel that the characters were anything else than well-dressed puppets, whose emotions were no more real than those of marionettes. The cleverness of the acting was enjoyable, but one pitied the actors who had to struggle to make unrealities appear realities. In brief, the play did not ring true, its comedy was superficial and its tragedy untrue; it was all studied, but not from nature. The smaller public, of whom I have spoken, stand aloof from the theatre of to-day because dramatic literature and nature have parted company; until they are once more joined together they will stand aloof. I do not ask for the nastiness of some modern French writers or for the pessimism of Germany and Norway, but I do ask for flesh and blood men and women, and tragedy and comedy based on human nature.

OTHER sides of this question are the bad plan recently grown up of engaging actors and actresses merely for the run of the piece—which means that performers grow into a groove and are called upon to play merely one specific type of character—the heavy rentals that have to be paid for theatres, the large salaries that have to be given to popular performers, and the vast expense of the gorgeous scenery and dresses that are called for to cover the dramatic nakedness of our plays. Various schemes have been put forward for remedying this state of affairs, but all unfortunately ignore the practical politics of the theatre. The only scheme that seems to me to hold out any hope of success is that the London County Council should build upon land belonging to them a moderate-sized not over-decorated playhouse, which they could let at a reasonable rental, representing, say, five per cent. on the capital outlay and on the loss of rent for the land which would otherwise have been let. The playhouse could be let on certain terms, which would include a veto upon musical pieces, the representation of a certain number of Shakespeare's plays and the production of a certain number of new dramas and comedies per annum. The manager could doubtless provide his Shakespearean and other old dramatic fare by aid of the Benson, Tree and other travelling dramatic companies, assisted by some of his own players, of whom he could engage a competent company at yearly salaries. His own company could play country engagements while the boards of his own theatre were occupied by others. And—why should there not be a subscription season in the summer and in the autumn? Among other subscribers I would suggest the metropolitan newspapers. This is the scheme in outline; with the details I hope to deal later.



THERE was an interesting revival at Toynbee Hall on Saturday evening last, when Addison's "Drummer" (originally produced in 1716) was presented by the Balliol House players for the first time for over a century. To be precise, the last London performance was at Drury Lane in 1794.

THE latest, and quite the most charming of little children's plays, was performed for the first time on Saturday last by half-a-dozen remarkably clever youngsters at a juvenile party in Lowndes Square. It is called "The Legend of the Lazy Gardener," and is by Mrs. Stepney Rawson, who has given so many other hostages to literary fortune. The play is of the simplest, half-prose, half-verse, and Miss Muffet plays a part therein; the scene is in Jack Melon's garden, and his two assistants, Tomato and Potato, together with the Golden Archer, the Frog, and the Dew Fairy, tell a pretty tale of childish sympathy with flowers and garden life. It is a charming conceit, and should be seen in print for the enjoyment of generations of children and parents.

THE Hebbel Society at Heidelberg lately gave a performance of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" in the Elizabethan manner, without scenery. The effect was excellent, and the actors scored a distinct success.

A NEW play by Felix Philippi, "Der Grüne Zweig" (The Green Branch), has been produced at the Royal Theatre, Berlin. Leaving aside the somewhat stormy melodrama he usually affects, Philippi endeavours here, but, we think, with doubtful success, to be symbolic and poetical. Only a *succès d'estime* attended the representation of August Strindberg's historical drama "Gustav Adolf," at the Berliner Theatre.

A DATE in April has been fixed for the production of Mrs. Craigie's "The Flute of Pan," by Miss Olga Nethersole and a special company.

THE Stage Society's second production this season will be Brioux's "Les Bienfaiteurs," which has been christened "The Philanthropists." The performance takes place on February 2 at the King's Hall, Covent Garden. Early in March the Society intend to produce "A Soul's Tragedy," by Robert Browning, and a one-act play by Frederick Fenn and Richard Price, entitled "Op o' my Thumb."

## Musical Notes

THE Philharmonic Society's programme for the coming season is not wildly exciting. The performance of a choral work in the shape of Brahms's Rhapsody for contralto solo and male choir will indeed be something of a novelty at a Philharmonic concert, but otherwise the season promises no very remarkable features. Sir Charles Stanford's new clarinet concerto should, however, be worth hearing, as should Mr. Edward German's "Rhapsody on March Themes," while Mr. A. von Ahn Carse's symphonic prelude to Byron's "Manfred" will serve to introduce a younger composer, who is, however, despite his name, also of native origin. Richard Strauss will be represented, I notice, by his "Tod und Verklärung," though one of his less familiar works, "Don Quixote," or "Also sprach Zarathustra," for instance, would surely have been a preferable choice. Perhaps the directors may be disposed to reconsider their decision in this regard.

THE revival of "Ib and Little Christina" at Daly's Theatre, with an excellent cast, including Mr. Ben Davies, is an experiment of quite exceptional interest, especially if it be true, as has been stated, that it constitutes the first step in the direction of a much bolder scheme in Mr. George Edwardes' mind, having for its end something very little short of permanent English opera. The idea at present, it seems, is to get together a repertory of works adapted to a smaller theatre than Covent Garden; but from this to operas of a bigger class would obviously be merely a step—though a step which would certainly be rendered all the easier if the further rumour of ultimate co-operation in this particular enterprise on the part of Mr. Edwardes and Mr. Manners should prove well founded.

WHO knows but that while some are clamouring for the State-endowed opera, which they are never likely to get, the foundations may have been laid already of an enterprise the ultimate development of which may disprove the necessity of any such appeal at all? At the same time I cannot avoid certain misgivings as to the wisdom of this suggested policy of building up a repertory piece by piece. If one thing seems more firmly established than another, it is that an opera cannot hope, as a rule, to attract audiences night after night as ordinary pieces do, and the instances in which they have done this in London—Sullivan's "Ivanhoe" was one such, while Humperdinck's "Hansel und Gretel" was another—have simply gone to show, in my judgment, that Londoners would prove in reality quite an exceptionally good opera-going public if they once were given the chance.

AT the same time it would be injudicious to the last degree to repeat the late Mr. D'Oyly Carte's mistake by building upon this assumption and taking it for granted that any work good enough for inclusion in a repertory should be good enough also to stand the ordeal of a run. There are any number of operas worthy of occasional performance, but unsuited for continuous representation; wherefore it would be deplorable if a promising project were once again to come to grief through neglect of this obvious truth. "Ib and Little Christina," for instance, is a charming little opera, which is being most admirably given at the present time, and which is certainly well worth seeing. But, frankly, it is not a work which I for one should expect the general public to run after. And if, therefore, it does not enjoy a success of any great length, it would certainly be absurd to argue from this that English opera on repertory lines would not attract support.

I CANNOT quite understand, indeed, why, while he was about it, Mr. George Edwardes did not choose an opera of assured and established popularity instead of a comparatively unknown work, and make his initial experiment with that. Perhaps, however, this will be his next step. But the essential point is, that no single opera, however popular, can hope to enjoy a prolonged run. A repertory of some extent or other is absolutely the first condition of success, so far as the establishment of anything like permanent English opera is concerned, and enterprises started in defiance of this fact are far more likely to prejudice, by failure, the whole idea, and deter others embarking on like ventures, than to achieve any more useful purpose.

THE proposed new Concert-goers' Club should fulfil quite a useful function if the scheme is carried out on the lines talked of. Indeed, the announcement of the project follows on the very heels of a suggestion which I recently let fall in these columns to the effect that some such body would do much good by bringing music lovers together and thereby stimulating, perhaps, their patronage of

concerts. Undoubtedly people are much more ready to go to concerts if they know that they are likely, when doing so, to meet friends and acquaintances, while if in addition they had in prospect a lively debate on the works heard at the subsequent meeting of the "Concert-goers," who shall say how their interest might not thereby be stimulated? The society should form a useful meeting ground, too, for the discussion of musical topics of the day, from the exclusion of unpunctual concert-goers, to the misdeeds of the musical critics, and in other ways should prove a useful body.

THE reported recent discovery of a long-lost Bizet score is pleasant news, though it must be confessed that reports of this nature which get into the daily papers are usually to be received with a certain amount of suspicion. If, however, it should turn out that a work by Bizet, hitherto unknown, has really been discovered, the fact is certainly one of interest. The work is hardly likely, indeed, to prove a second "Carmen"—what a gold mine it would turn out for someone if it did! But Bizet was one of those children of genius whose slightest creations are worthy of attention, and a posthumous opera from his pen would assuredly attract uncommon attention.

"THE fall of the Spanish Cabinet at an early date is probable as a result of the campaign of anti-ministerial songs." Thus a recent telegram from Madrid. It is not the first time, of course, that street ditties have proved powerful political weapons. "Ça ira," whereby such execution was done, in more than one sense of the word, at the time of the French Revolution, and "Lillibulero," which contributed not a little towards the revolution of 1688 in our own land, are, of course, the classical instances under this head. It was of the latter doggerel that Dr. Percy, of "Reliques" fame, remarked that it had exercised "a more powerful effect than either the philippics of Demosthenes or Cicero," though it is exceedingly likely that Purcell's brisk and catchy tune had a good deal more to do with the success and popularity of the song than Lord Wharton's words. The latter refer to King James having nominated the Earl of Tyrconnel to the Lieutenantcy of Ireland in 1686. Afterwards many other songs, political and otherwise, were written to the same tune, which makes a capital quick-step march.

IN the case of "Ça ira" the words in this case are said to have been suggested to a street singer called Ladré by General Lafayette, who remembered Franklin's favourite saying at each successive stage of the American insurrection. The tune, on the other hand, which was the work of a certain Bécour, a side-drum player at the opera, had enjoyed previous popularity under the title of "Carillon National." The refrain of the ditty was sufficiently sanguinary:—

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!  
Les aristocrat' à la lanterne  
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!  
Les aristocrat' on les pendra.

The Spanish songs referred to, the singing of which the Government has, it seems, vainly endeavoured to suppress, are directed, it would appear, against certain returned clericals from the Philippines who had been given preferment at home against the wishes of the people. Do our own politicians make as much use of music as they might? A song called "John Bull's Store" is, indeed, said to be enjoying considerable vogue in relation to the Fiscal controversy, but I have heard no vocal Free Trade counterblast.

## Art Notes

THE honours and the excitement of the week have been with Rodin and the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers. There have been dinners and speeches and junketings. Monsieur Rodin was met at the station, feasted, interviewed; students unharnessed the horses from the great sculptor's carriage and dragged him in triumph; and they have sent him off again to France amidst enthusiasm. And now, out of the whirl, one begins in the cold light of the calmer day to ask what was said concerning art, that was suggestive or illuminating or helpful; and what impression has been left, apart from the well-merited ovation to Rodin? Well, first of all, one is again struck by the strange incapacity of a great artist to express himself intelligibly in speech about the inner meaning of his art. One sits and broods and wonders as before at this great man's self-bewilderment in trying to define art and to give a message to art students; one is surprised that he also, who killed the academic law as to the need for sculpture to be in calm repose, should allow himself to be harassed by the weight of these early school-taught catchpennies about the Beautiful. Rodin, like Whistler and the rest, can show us what is art in and through that art alone. When they come to write or speak about it they mouth and grimace—they are dumb or they are garrulous—but they seem unable to yield the key of the mysteries. Here is Rodin talking vague platitudes about "art and nature, the real source of all beauty," and so on. They will do it—they all do it. But what does he mean? The fact is that Rodin knows full well that the masterpiece which dominates all else amidst the work of his fellows in this exhibition in London to-day, a masterpiece which holds one, grips one, keeps one in homage before it, is the huge and wonderful figure that sits in that great central hall, crouched in thought, *Le Penseur*—The Thinker. And he knows as well that this superb thing has no particular claim to Beauty. It is far greater than that. It has a dignity, a greatness, a vast power of emotion that is majestic and thrilling. But beauty as such it holds neither in its vastness nor in the glorious modelling. Emotion it holds to a colossal extent, and thereby stands out as the majestic thing it is. Amidst all this speech-making and large talk, the man who got nearest to this great truth, and he was the last man from whom I should have expected it, was Mr. Edmund Gosse—he did not say in explicit terms that beauty was not art, but he did not repeat the cant that it was. He showed that, since Rodin came, the academic fallacy as to great sculpture necessitating a dignified repose was dead; and in saying that very true and very revolutionary thing, he not only gave Rodin the name of greatness, but he showed that the old Greek tradition of the Beautiful was in its death-throes. It was the only illuminating essay at the dinner; and it was the speech that showed where Rodin's great position and power lay. Rodin has grasped, in the creative part of him, that art is the speech of Emotion. He brings to the making of his great art the most remarkable combination of exquisite gifts—his sense of composition is enormous, clean-cut, definite; his modelling is eloquent and large as it is subtle; his mastery remains in his fingers to the utmost finish—and his last finished touch is as fresh as his vigorous sketch. But his highest achievement lies in the majestic grip of the Emotions. In Beardsley we had one of the greatest masters of eloquent musical line that the world has ever seen; but he never became a great artist, for he never expressed the great emotions. In Rodin we have a sculptor who has the most exquisite feeling for form, but he is also a great artist, for above all things he expresses in terms of sculpture the great human emotions. Go and stand before that huge statue of "The Thinker," and you can hear the majestic



figure *thinking*—it grows into a live thing, glows in a strange vital way. I am not mad fool enough to try and write down what it expresses, for Rodin alone can do that, and not in words but in the sculptured form. Indeed, I would suggest to the Council of this Society that when the bronze statue is set up in the hall, the plaster should not be taken away, but should be set up at the other end of the hall, for the white plastic mass takes and gives out lights and reflections and marvellous beauties that no metal ever approaches, just as the gem-like colours of porcelain can never be approached by any other paint for translucency and brilliancy. It is good to hear that this majestic bronze has been secured for the South Kensington Museum. It is to be hoped, for the benefit of the Academy students, that the plaster may be secured for the Royal Academy. And I should like again to call attention to the simple fact that in the midst of all the enthusiasm concerning this fine Society, I should like to have seen a more handsome tribute paid to the man whose fertile brain and dogged energy created it—Mr. Francis Howard. Mr. Swann, R.A., said it was “a great work to bring together the best artists of all countries”—but with academic magnificence the name of the man who has done it was “keerfully kept from us.”

JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME is dead. To the art student of Paris this means much more than that one of the most dramatic of French painters has gone out of Bohemia; for Gérôme's keen interest in the students and all his fierce enthusiasms were an important part of the breath that bred the hot discussions of the Quartier Latin and the Hill of Montmartre. His genial spirit was largely concerned in the rollicking pageants of the students' quarter; and the men of his studio were amongst the most original of them that danced and revelled in the Bals des Quatz Arts. His grey soldierly head will be seen in his beloved Paris no more—his “boys” will take their troubles to him no more—his fierce partizanship for the arts he loved, and his keen criticisms of the arts for which he had no sympathy, are alike silenced. His wild enthusiasm for Phidias, his contempt for Donatello, his abomination of Canova's lions at St. Peter's, Rome, his hatred of the insincerity of Raphael, whose genius alone saved him from being detestable as an artist, but could not even save him from being a detestable example to the student; his caution to the young students that Michael Angelo was a master to admire, not to imitate; his passionate adoration of Rembrandt—all his praise and blame are spoken for the last time, and the young students of his school must turn to other masters. Gérôme was a man who made an inspiring teacher, for he believed in the spirit of the age to create as fine art as was ever produced in the past; he very rightly, and, for so academic a painter, surprisingly rightly, held that there was no virtue or power in the Old Masters that should not be, and indeed *was* not, present in the modern man; and he would hold up Menzel and Raffet and Gavarri and Doré as fine masters in their own province, and, had he known English art better he might have added Turner. Had his eyes been as clear in old age as in youth he might have added Rodin and Whistler and Sargent and others to-day; but in his old age his belief in his generation grew cold, and the lost fire left his heart gloomy for the future. The revolutionary movements in art that broke up many accepted academic conventions, movements largely due to the discovery of Velasquez, instead of rousing his admiration only alarmed him. Everything, said he, was become topsy-turvy; it was all a turning of art upside down, a distortion, a madness—the youngsters are all trying for garish short-cuts to fame; the one ideal is to be Original, to stand out eccentrically from the others; but they have not the elements of training in them, and their work is nerveless by consequence, and without

substance, and devoid of foundation. So he would rail against Manet's paint and arrangement, sneer at Monet's impressionism and shrieking gaudinesses, thunder against Rodin. In fact, Gérôme was bred on the distorting idea that mistook beauty for Art, and it landed him in the great morass which prevented him from seeing that even his own greatest successes were dependent not on beauty but on the emotions evoked by the accident of his literary attitude to art and of his bias towards historic incident as motive for his masterpieces. For, make no mistake about it, he achieved masterpieces. His “Death of Marshal Ney” recorded that disgraceful political crime (which even the courage of Wellington shrank from preventing), with a simple power and a feeling for the mood of the thing that makes a fine achievement—the dead figure of the great heroic man who lies on his face before the dingy wall, done to ignominious death by the squad of men who march away musket on shoulder careless of the villainy and of the broken justice that ought to have seen them hanged on the first lamp-post; the grey sombre note of tragedy; the sense of a disgraceful act and of the ignominy of France in the doing; all these things are emotionally rendered in terms of colour, and this being so, they reach fulfilment in the masterpiece. His “Bellona,” that shrieks the red-mouthed lust of war, and his beautiful “Tanagra,” showed him a fine sculptor. And not the least part of his immortality, if indeed he be of the immortals, will be the memory, as with so different a genius as Whistler, that he treated our solemn Academy with some contempt; and who shall say him nay to his thunders, for was he not himself an academic man and a member of that august body, and ought he not therefore in some fashion to know?

At the general assembly of the Royal Society of British Artists, held for the special election of six water-colour painters to that body, there were elected as members: C. Horsley, Edward Brown, W. H. Allen, Arthur Richardson, Walter Tyrwhitt, and George Carline; and the two miniature painters, Hugh Nicholson and Cecil Quinnell, were also elected at the same time.

It is an excellent move on the part of the Board of Education, and of the Society of Arts, to organise, at the South Kensington Museum, an exhibition of engravings produced by mechanical means, including specimens of colour-printing. Their most instructive display of engraving and etching, and all that pertained thereto, last summer, makes the promise of the coming show a bright one. A committee has been formed with Sir William Abney as chairman.

MR. ROBERT GORDON HARDIE, the well-known American portrait painter, has died at Battleboro in Vermont. His wife had died three days after the birth of a son, and Mr. Hardie had returned home but a few hours from her grave, overwhelmed with grief, when he fell dead. He was a pupil of Gérôme's in Paris, and his master has died also within a few hours of him. He was a member of the Society of American Artists. Tragedy was his to the full at the last.

“THE BURLINGTON MAGAZINE” for January contains an excellent article on John Sell Cotman as a painter in oils, by Mr. C. J. Holmes, with at least two very finely reproduced pictures that convey Cotman's manner and brushing marvellously well. Mr. Holmes has also a convincing little article as to the genuineness of the Gassiot Constable, showing that the present picture overlies a tentative sketch for the now well-known “Salisbury,” which in

many details it much resembles. The papers on the Normanton collection, by Mr. Max Roldit, are concluded in the number, a good reproduction being given of Titian's "Venus and Adonis" amongst other masterpieces. How Titian could paint a woman! The change of ownership of "The Burlington Magazine" promises a more interesting and less precious review of art matters. Mr. Holmes's co-operation in the editorship must be of value to the brilliant group of men who form the consultative committee; and his knowledge of process and reproduction in "The Studio," and his taste in placing the illustrations on the printed page, promise well for the future of the venture.

MESSRS. MULLER AND Co., of Amsterdam, send me the catalogue of their sale of drawings by the old masters; there ought to be some good work going under the hammer.

## University Extension

### A New Development

**T**O the many who pass odd moments of regret at having been deprived, as was Charles Lamb, of the "sweet food of academic institution," any opportunity of making amends, in however minor a key, for that "defrauding" of their earlier years will come with especial meaning. For the last thirty years the University Extension Movement has been doing capital work in providing this means of giving something, at least, of that esteemed "institution" to those to whom it was denied in its full "academic" form.

"Centres" are now developed all over England, from the University towns themselves to the smallest villages; Toynbee Hall stands as a monument of fine work in the East End of London; and a glance at the list of lectures arranged by the Extension Board will at once show the large number of courses both in the London suburbs and in the Home Counties.

But lectures do not necessarily mean either attendance or attention. A scheme of work, emanating from the highest authorities in the kingdom, and partaking of so extensive a nature, should possess more unity than it does at present.

Here I propose to restrict myself to Extension work in London. Since the movement has come under the ægis of the University of London it may be said to have entered upon a new phase. Indeed it is recognised that the work of the Extension is becoming so important that special means must be taken to canvass it. It is with this object that a new Association has been formed, to which reference was made in last week's ACADEMY.

The new Association is primarily concerned with the central courses of lectures, but its work will have a considerable influence on the Extension Movement as a whole, and what can be called the unique course pursued at the opening meeting will no doubt lead to other centres adopting similar "tactics." It is worth putting on record a brief summary of the proceedings on January 6, when the Association was inaugurated. This meeting was held at the University of London, and the programme contained the first germs of the work proposed to be accomplished by the new body, in so far as Dr. R. D. Roberts, Registrar of the University, as chairman, gave a general introduction on the scope of the forthcoming courses on "The Humanities," and the lecturers themselves followed with brief anticipations of their individual spheres in the course of study. I would make it clear that these addresses were not résumés in any sense, but rather were put forth as succinct prefaces to the ultimate matter.

Surely this is a unique idea in the history of lecture work?

In truth, such a new force in the University Extension work must produce some stimulus toward a serious course of study and, most important of all, help to develop the proper spirit in which the lectures should be taken up. Dr. Emil Reich expressed the matter clearly when he said that the object of the new Association was to induce the student to take an active interest in the lectures, not merely to be a passive listener.

The Association can well feel satisfaction at the start that has been made, but the campaign it has entered upon is not yet fully developed. What may be called the next move and an outcome of the formation of this body is a "Bibliographical Visit" to the British Museum on January 30. This will be conducted by Dr. Reich (whose conception it was), who on this occasion (for this is only the preliminary to a projected course of such demonstrations) will ask for questions from the students on subjects connected with "any science whatever," by which means, with special facilities granted him by the Museum, Dr. Reich proposes to demonstrate the underlying principles of bibliography. I hope to have an opportunity of referring again to so interesting and important a scheme.

I may add that it has been decided to invite local associations, committees, and other bodies interested in the Extension Movement to become affiliated to the Central Association. The Hon. Sec., Mr. Max Judge (7, Pall Mall), can supply any further information.

## Correspondence

### Keats' Grecian Urn

SIR,—It appears somewhat strange that any man of apparent intellectuality, such as Mr. L. P. Patten appears to be, should take exception to what is practically one of the most graphically correct lines in English poetry. To "low at the skies" is certainly the characteristic action of the heifer, and I invariably think of Keats' line whenever I see and hear one in the act—neck outstretched upwards, eyes somewhat dilated, and nostrils quivering. Keats was a veritable master at such word-pictures—indeed, they constitute not the least part of his eternal charm—and he would be the last to make a mistake with so simple a circumstance.

Mr. Patten thinks the ode over-rated; possibly it is. Shakespeare frequently suffers from the same complaint. Yet, to those of us who love Keats, it remains a singularly beautiful expression of that consolation with which the spirit of everlasting beauty tempers the consciousness of change, and the evanescence of all earthly things. Mr. Patten says "there is a fashion in poetry . . . and Keats happens to be in vogue to-day," a statement which is very wide of the truth. Keats never was, is not, or ever will be, the "fashion" or the "vogue" either. He is deeply loved by those who can appreciate good verse, that is all. And they are singularly few. He is more successful than "popular," and one must be "popular" to be the "fashion."

The statement that Matthew Arnold and Lord Houghton "discovered" Keats raises a smile. If anyone "discovered" him it was himself.—Yours, &c.,

Hampstead,  
January 16, 1904.

ARTHUR COLES ARMSTRONG.

SIR,—The Parthenon frieze contains two, if not three, figures of cows being led to sacrifice that bear witness to the accuracy of Keats' lines. Of course if Mr. Patten is prepared to assert that Pheidias overlooked this falsification of nature, there is really nothing more to be said.

For my part, I consider those who elevate Keats to the position of master and refuse to see any blemish in his work as somewhat less ridiculous than that of those who indulge in quibbling criticisms and vague depreciations.—Yours, &c.,

K. DE WATTEVILLE.



SIR.—The "ridiculous Keats" (God save the mark!) has, as authority for his exquisite lines, 1 Samuel vi. 12; and Doré's illustration confirms the "lowing at the skies," as must every other witness that has seen a heifer low. That this is "prayerful exercise" none ever imagined till your correspondent wrote. It is he that has "falsified nature," not Keats.—Yours, &c.,  
JOHN B. TABB.

### The Odyssey

SIR.—Mr. Kettle and Mr. Hale do me too much honour in speaking of "Andrew Lang's Odyssey." They might just as well say "Henry Butcher's Odyssey," as except in one book, there is perhaps not a sentence in the volume which is not a mosaic of Mr. Butcher's version and of my own.—Yours, &c.,  
A. LANG.

### "Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 2, East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music, and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

#### COMPETITION

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy Questions and Answers."

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and *brevity* in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (\*).

The prizes will consist of 5s. worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller as early as possible in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood, and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5s. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5s.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No Questions or Answers received after Monday will be considered eligible for the current week's competition.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

### Questions LITERATURE

#### AUTHORS WANTED:—

##### (a.) For poem beginning—

"When the gloom is deepest round thee,  
And the chains of grief have bound thee,  
And in loneliness and sorrow  
By the poisoned springs of life  
Thou sittest, yearning for the morrow  
That will free thee from the strife."

##### (b.) For German ballad (? Die Befreiung von Wien) beginning—

"Ein Falke von dem Felsenast  
So weit so weit ins Land,  
Er späht nach Ost, er späht nach West  
Hinab hinauf den Strand."

The quotations are from memory, and are probably not quite exact.—C.

Where can I find the poem in which the following couplet occurs:—

"When the Rudeyards cease from Kipling  
And the Haggarids ride no more?"

I should like the whole poem, or information as to where it may be found.—C.

THE "ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA" IN JAPAN.—It was recently stated that 1,500 copies of The Times "Encyclopædia Britannica" were sold in Japan. Captain Basil Hall, in his well-known "Account of a Voyage of Discovery" (published 1818) describes a visit paid by a Korean chief to H.M.S. "Lyra." On entering the cabin one of the chief's attendants "appeared desirous of passing for a literary character; and observing us hand the books about in a careless manner, ventured to ask for one, by drawing it towards himself with a beging look. As he happened to select a volume of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' I was under the necessity of refusing; but offered in its stead a less valuable, though more showy book, which he accepted with much gratitude." Are there any other instances in early times of an interest shown by the Far East in this work?—H. W. M.

"LORDS OF HELL."—Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Section LIII, last line:—

"Hold thou the good: define it well:  
For fear divine Philosophy  
Should push beyond her mark, and be  
Procress to the Lords of Hell."

Is the expression "Lords of Hell" intended to be a translation of *di inferi*?—A. T.

LEE PRIORY.—Can anyone tell me what became of the great collection of books at Lee Priory, owned by Henry Oxenden? I have some Aldines and other books bought at the sale in 1834, but I can find no trace of the Lee Wary books. It is said most were bought by Sir Egerton Brydges; has a catalogue of this sale been heard of in recent years?—K. M.

THREE-VOLUME NOVELS.—What were the first and last novels issued in three-volume form, and what were the respective dates?—*Smudge*.

"JOSEPHI SCALIGERI OPUS DE EMENDATIONE TEMPORUM."—What is known of an edition of this work said, in the "Dictionnaire Bibliographique," to have been printed at Colonia in 1629, in folio? Is this not a mistake? I have an edition in folio of the same date, but printed at Geneva, "typis Roverianis," and I do not believe in the other edition existing.—K. M.

ENIGMATIC DATE.—A copy of the "Fasciculus temporum," containing 97 leaves, folio, without name of printer, has the following date in its colophon—*mcccxc*. This has been queried as 1484. Can anyone explain this, or prove the attributed date is wrong?—W. P. (Bristol).

"ALDUS."—Is the edition of "In Epistolas M. Tullii Ciceronis," with the date of 1582, the same as that of 1579, which I have, with merely a fresh date, or is it a different edition?—K. M.

"RASSELAS."—How did Dr. Johnson obtain the title-name of his "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia"? The name is a plausible corruption of "Ras-Alula" now current, also with a Sultan Alula, and there was a Ras-alu in the Punjab. Ras means "head," and is applied to generals and chieftains; there is also "rais," the ship's-captain; but what is Alula?—*Querist*.

"VINCENT OF BEAUVAIS."—Is there any modern edition of "The Sermons of Vincent of Beauvais," and, if so, by whom edited and where published?—M. C. N.

PROVERBS.—Can anyone refer me to a book dealing with "the history and derivation of proverbs"?—E. A. E.

"MUSIC AT THE CLOSE."—Can any of your readers give me the French version by Madame Necker, of the verses quoted in THE ACADEMY some weeks ago entitled "Music at the Close," translated by G. Du Maurier, or say where I could find them?—C.

#### THEATRE

JAPAN ON THE STAGE.—Apropos of the production of "The Darling of the Gods" at His Majesty's Theatre, I should like to find out when and at which theatre the first play dealing wholly or in part with the subject of Japan was produced in London.—E. N. S.

\*"VANITY FAIR."—In chapter fifty-one of "Vanity Fair," in which the charades are acted, we read that the captain's coat-tails fly about as if in the wind, and that when he leaves go of his hat it flies off in the gale that is supposed to be blowing. Has the effect of the wind ever been reproduced on the stage proper in a serious manner, such as the whirling of leaves on the ground, the swaying of trees, &c.?—M. J.

#### GENERAL

CROMWELL'S STATUE.—Can anyone supply the name of the sculptor of the Westminster Cromwell statue, unveiled about two years ago by Lord Rosebery?—*Signature illegible*.

"PANATTONK."—This is an Italian cake prepared for Christmas only. What is the etymology?—A. H.

PEDIGREE AND GENEALOGY.—I am trying to trace the pedigree of the W. Dawkins who was English Minister at Florence in 1822, and got the order for Shelley's remains to be given up to Trelawney for cremation. Again, I am trying the same as to Francis Eyre, who wrote "Remarks on the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," &c. Again, the same as to Huntingdon Plumtree, who wrote "Epigrammaticum Opusculum," &c., in 1629. Can anyone give me references?—K. M.

"PARIS VAUT BIEN UNE MESSE."—What is the origin and meaning of this often-quoted French phrase?—*Sapsa*.

\*"THE OX WITH THE CRUMPLED HORNE."—In Aubrey's "Remaines of Gentilisme," 1686-7, it is stated that on Twelfth Night, when they wassall, the ploughmen "goe into the Ox-house to the oxen, with the Wassell-bowle and drink to the ox with the crumpled horne that treade out the corne." Why was an ox with a crumpled horn chosen for this purpose of threshing, and why was it the only beast wassalled?—H. M. Batson.

### Answers

#### LITERATURE

APULIUS.—The Bipsatina notes; 1510, Parisina I, in quarto. 1512, Parisina II, folio notidipima: "Metamorphoses cum I hilippi Beroaldi Commentariis" &c., ap Jo-Philippi Magistram. "Metamorphoses sive de Asino Aureo," Libri xi, is the right title.—Dr. M. Maas (Munich).

#### QUOTATION FOUND.—

"The lyart veteran heard the word of God  
By Cameron thundered, or by Benwick poured  
In gentle stream."

These lines, whose author's name is asked for by "W. H. C." in THE ACADEMY of 2nd January, are in the Rev. Jas. Grahame's poem "The Sabbath." The lines are given in Chambers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature," Vol. 2nd of the edition of 1860.—A. A.

"SIR WALTER SCOTT'S GRAMMAR."—Shakespeare has:—"All debts are cleared between you and I"—"Merchant of Venice," III, 2, 321. E. A. Abbott ("Shakespearean Grammar") says that the inflections of personal pronouns are frequently neglected or misused by Shakespeare, and that "Thou you and I" seems to have been a regular Elizabethan idiom. Is it not a fact that archaisms of grammar and orthography lingered in the correspondence of persons even of high position long after their disuse in printed books? Surely Sir Walter merely intends to reproduce the epistolary style of the period.—M. A. C.  
[Similar reply received from E. A. Innes (Oxford).]

\*"THE BOOK OF THE FOUNDATIONS."—This is one of the writings of Santa Teresa, the Spanish mystic (1515-1582). In it she describes with much shrewd wit and passionate devotion her travels, and the travail of her soul, in visiting, governing, and reforming the convents of the Carmelite order. Froide tells her story in one of the papers included in his "Spanish Story of the Armada, and other Essays." Dr. Alexander Whyte's little book "Santa Teresa" is very informing and sympathetic; but translations of Teresa's own writings, including "The Foundations," can be obtained for a very modest sum.—F. P.

#### GENERAL

"MARDY." "MAUDY."—"Mardy" a spoiled child. See under "Mar" (3), Dr. Joseph Wright's excellent "English Dialect Dictionary."—*Joseph Knight*.  
[A similar reference is given by Comestor Oxoniensis.]

\* **"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."**—The Hebrew Passover hymn from which this is adapted runs as follows:—

"This is the kid that my father bought for 2 zuzim (=  $\frac{1}{2}$ l.)  
 "This is the cat that ate the kid, &c.,  
 "This is the dog that bit the cat . . .  
 "This is the stick that beat the dog . . .  
 "This is the fire that burnt the stick . . .  
 "This is the water that quenched the fire . . .  
 "This is the ox that drank the water . . .  
 "This is the butcher that killed the ox . . .  
 "This is the angel of death, that slew the butcher." . . . &c., &c.

This dates from the age of the cycle-year ruled by the Pole-star goat, and Basque and Talmudic versions of it are said to be still in existence.—H. M. W.

**"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."**—The original of "The House that Jack Built" is presumed to be a hymn in "Sepher Haggadah," fol. 23. The historical interpretation was first given by P. N. Leberecht, at Leipzig, in 1731, and is printed in the "Christian Reformer," vol. xvii., p. 28.—W. P. (Bristol).

**"THE LION AND THE UNICORN FIGHTING FOR THE CROWN."**—In Gesner's "Historia animalium" (1551-87) we read—"The unicorn and lion are always like cat and dog, and as soon as a lion sees his enemy he betakes him to a tree. The unicorn, in his blind fury running pell-mell at his foe, darts his horn fast into the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and devours him." Also referred to by Spenser in his "Faery Queene" (ii, 9).

"Like as a lion, whose imperial power  
 A proud rebellious unicorn defies."

And by Shakespeare, in "Timon of Athens," iv., 3, "Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury."—W. P. (Bristol).

**"THE LION AND THE UNICORN FIGHTING FOR THE CROWN."**—The lion and the unicorn in the Royal Arms signify England and Scotland. The popular interpretation of the supporters of the Crown probably had its origin in the distinction between the two, and their racial animosity, quoted by Spenser in the "Faery Queene." The Unicorn was first represented in the Royal Arms under James I. Previously the place had been filled by a greyhound, a dragon, a bear, a bull, and an antelope, the family badges of the respective monarchs.—S. C.

**"THE MAN IN THE STREET."**—In "Literature and Dogma," Matthew Arnold refers to certain persons who talk as familiarly of God as if He were "a man in the next street." May not the phrase in question, which came into use some time after the publication of the above-named work, have had its origin in an imperfect recollection of this passage?—Index.

**"THE MAN IN THE STREET."**—Emerson, writing about 1840, uses the expression "the man in the street" in his essay on "Self-Reliance." He does not use inverted commas, as his custom is, when quoting from others.—Sapsa.

**"FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY"** not only applied to George Washington, but has also been given by the Dutch to Prince William of Orange (1533-1584). They called him "Vader des Vaderlands." See preface to Putnam's "William the Silent, Prince of Orange," 1895.—D. S. (Amsterdam).

**"GEORGE WASHINGTON."**—The title of "Pater Patrius" was first bestowed on Cicero on the suppression of the conspiracy of Catiline, and subsequently on Julius Caesar, and on the Emperor Augustus. Afterwards other Emperors obtained it, few because they deserved it, as Paccioli trenchantly observes.—Harmatopogon.

**"GEORGE WASHINGTON."**—It is difficult to find the first use of the title "Father of his Country" in connection with George Washington. Other characters in history who bore the name, and many of whose virtues were represented in Washington's character, are Cicero, Julius Caesar, Augustus, Cosmo de Medici and Andrea Doria. The legend is inscribed on the base of Doria's statue at Genoa.—S. C.

**"HENRY'S VI'S COOK."**—In Ashmole's "Berkshire" (1711), Vol. II., pp. 490-1, I read of Cookham Church:—"Against the North side of the Chancel is erected a large Altar Monument of Grey Marble, upon the Stone set within, against the Wall, has been [sic] Plates of Brass, Bearing the Figures of a Man and a Woman, and an Inscription under their Feet, but now torn off [sic]. On the top stone there yet remain Plates of the Figures of a Man in Armour, and a Woman in her usual Habit, under whose Feet is this Inscription [In black letter except for the names and figures in italics] "Of Your Charite pray for the Soules of Robert Pecke, Esq; sumtyme Master Clerke of the Spycery with King Harri the Sixt, and Agnes his Wyfe. Robert deceased the 14th Day of January, in the Yere of our Lord God, a Thousand CCCC and XVII. Whose Soules and all Crysten Soules, Jhesu have Mercy."—Harmatopogon.

**"MALBROUK."**—I am glad to tell "Comestor Oxoniensis" that the name of "Malbrouk," as designating a certain kind of monkey, has completely disappeared from the French language, if it were ever in use. Not only is it quite unknown to-day, but, even in the contemporaries of Cuvier, I never met with it. The only trace the great English general left in French folk-lore is the celebrated popular song "Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre." This was not intended to be a comic song at all, but a sentimental and pathetic one.—P. Forné, M.A. (Paris).

**"SO LONG."**—I venture to suggest that this is derived from the Norwegian, "Saa Laenge," a common form of farewell, equivalent in meaning to "au revoir," and pronounced like "so long" with the "g" softened. There was a fair number of Norwegians among the settlers in America, as also in this country, to judge by names, and it is quite likely the phrase was picked up from them. It is in general use among the Dutch out here, but though given in several Taal vocabularies as a translation of "good-bye," I can find no trace of it in High Dutch.—W. H. (Johannesburg).

**"THURROCK" AND "NAILBOURNE."**—*Thurrock*, early Modern English, also *thorrock* from M.E. *thurret*, the hold of a ship, from A.S. *thurric*, a small boat, also probably the hold of a ship, also, according to Lye, a drain (*canalis*)—but see *Thurrock*. *Thurrock*—a further variation of *furrow*, or else a variation and particular use of *thurrock*. The A.S. *thurric*, defined by Lye as a canal or drain (*canalis*) does not appear to have had that sense. *Nailbourne*—formerly also *naylbourn*, from *nail* + *b urn*, *burn*, a stream—an intermittent spring in the Cretaceous, and especially in the Lower Greensand. . . . The running of one of these bournes was formerly considered "a token of dereliction, or of pestilence, or of great calamity." Also called simply *bours* and *bours* both in Kent and Surrey; also *bours* and *winterbourne* in Hants and further west.—M. A. C.

**"LIVES OF THE FAINTS."**—Replies also received from L. Lieblich and M. M. S.

**WILLIAM UPCOTT.**—Replies also received from W. P. (Bristol), C. R. S. (Bury) and A. Abrahams.

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**"ANDREA FERRARA."**—Replies also received from B. M. G. and H. T. R. (Beckenham).

**NOTE.**—Some misconception seems still to exist among contributors as to the scope and object of this page. Questions have been received without name or address; this is against the rules. One enquirer asks for the words of two perfectly well-known and easily found folk-songs; another wishes to know the value of certain old engravings and books; and, again, "Young Hopeful" desires to be informed "authoritatively" whether a blank-verse play by a new writer stands the least chance of being considered on its merits at any of the leading theatres. Such questions are entirely outside the design of this page, and can only be ignored. There are special publications to which they might well be addressed. Certain foreign and provincial contributors fear that owing to the time taken by the post they lose their chances of prize-winning. This is not so. The prizes are awarded quite independently of priority of receipt of answers, and contributions too late for the current issue are held over for the next.

**PRIZES.**—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, five shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the four booksellers whose names follow:—

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